MAY 22, 2000

The Details of Life · Jonathan Kozol

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The Nation.

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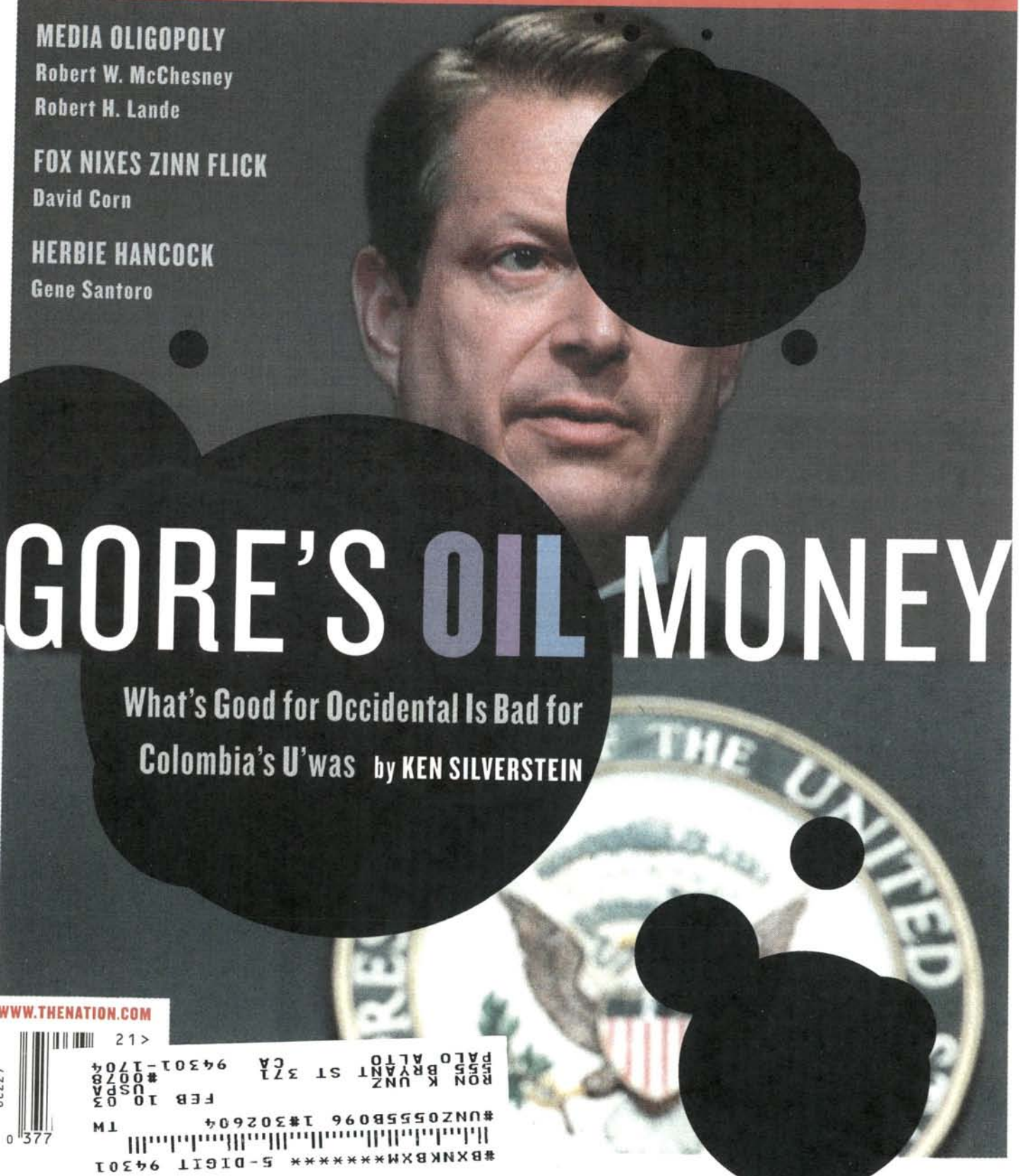

GORE'S OIL MONEY

What's Good for Occidental Is Bad for Colombia's U'was by KEN SILVERSTEIN

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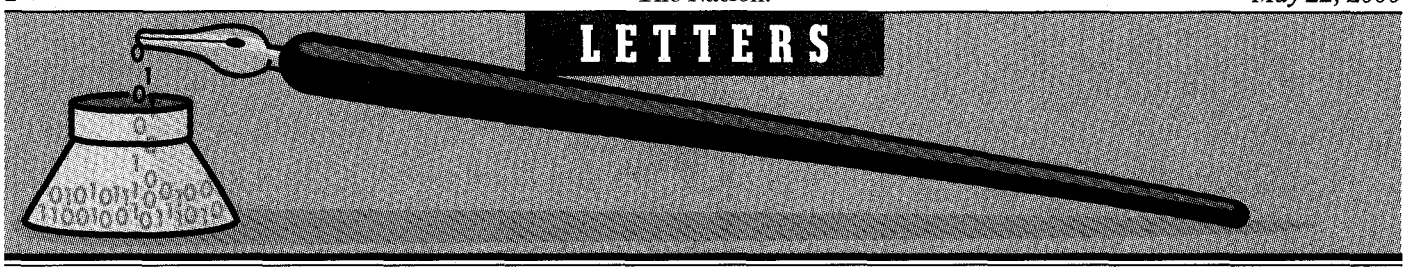

IT DOTH PROJECT TOO MUCH

Washington, D.C.

■ Your April 3 editorial "The China Deal" states that the US International Trade Commission projects a possible doubling of the trade deficit in the next ten years as a result of China's entry into the World Trade Organization. For the record, the ITC has never made any such projection.

We published a general factfinding report last year titled *Assessment of the Economic Effects on the United States of China's Accession to the WTO* (available in the Publications and Reports section of our website: www.usitc.gov). Its analysis includes no projections of any kind. It provides an estimate of what the impact on the United States would have been if China had joined the WTO in 1998—that is, what the trade deficit would have looked like in 1998 had China joined the WTO in that year. The report estimates that imports and exports would have increased and that the trade deficit would have been about $600 million higher, or less than 1 percent of the actual trade deficit in 1998. The report also estimates that the US trade balance with other trading partners would have improved such that, overall, the US trade balance with the world would have been unaffected.

The commission's project leader for the report told *The Nation* that the projection was not the ITC's. Your editors said it came from another source, which used ITC numbers as the basis for *its* projection. Clearly, any organization can use numbers from a public ITC report in its calculations, but that does not make the outcome of those calculations the ITC's work.

The ITC is an independent, nonpartisan, quasi-judicial federal agency. Although it is not a policy-making agency, under its general factfinding authority, the ITC provides objective research and analysis to policy-makers for their use in formulating trade policy. The accuracy and objectivity of our work are key factors in our effectiveness and in the integrity of our reports.

ROBERT A. ROGOWSKY
Office of Operations
US International Trade Commission

Our mistake. The projection based on the ITC's numbers was provided by the Economic Policy Institute, whose report can be found at www.epinet.org. The basic point—that the trade deficit with China is projected to expand under this deal—is correct. —*The Editors*

LAST EXIT BEFORE...

Chapel Hill, N.C.

■ As we await Ronald Reagan's final exit, Eric Alterman reminds us of the former President's financial and moral support for a Guatemalan regime that waged a genocidal war against its own people ["Full-Court Press," March 27]. Recently declassified US documents reveal an even more shameful history. Embassy cables show that throughout 1981 and '82, US officials were fully aware that the Guatemalan military was conducting, as one memo put it, "large-scale killing of Indian men, women, and children." At the same time, documents expose a State Department intent on discrediting groups attempting to publicize the atrocities. In order to insure continued Congressional approval to fund the Guatemalan military, for example, US Ambassador to Guatemala Frederick Chapin repeatedly smeared such organizations as Amnesty International as part of a "Communist-backed disinformation campaign" [see Grandin, page 25].

GREG GRANDIN

REPARATIONS: BE BLACK LIKE ME

Princeton, N.J.

■ Randall Robinson is absolutely right about the need for reparations for the unpaid labor extorted from the enslaved before 1865 ["America's Debt to Blacks," March 13]. But I have two further suggestions along reparations lines, which are meant to address the continuing racism of American culture. First, every black person should have his or her own therapist for life, because dealing with this society is enough to make you crazy. Second, every white person should have to live two months as black. (No less, because you'd have to experience it fully; no more, because not having been brought up with the necessary protective strategies, too many of you would lose your minds.) How can a white person live as a black person? It's more or less simple: (1) By taking a leaf from the 1947 classic about anti-Semitism, *Gentleman's Agreement*, and letting drop a hint about race. Once a doubt is planted, one's physical appearance need not change. (2) If one is ambitious, one can apply dark makeup and not accept the way out as offered, e.g., accepting the assignment of South Asian background. (3) By carrying around a black periodical, book or other talisman, listening to black music, wearing a sweatshirt or T-shirt from a black college or otherwise engaging in black-identified behavior. Just being interested in black stuff. (4) By being seen on a regular basis with a black person. (5) By protesting against racism out loud, without the disclaimer, "I'm not black, but..." (6) This is absolutely necessary: Read everything pertaining to black people you can get your hands on. While one of the privileges of whiteness is that of "unknowing" (to quote Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick), finding out what goes on in this country with regard to race changes a person of any racial persuasion.

So there. It is possible and has been done. Remember *Black Like Me* and *Soul Sister*, from the sixties? Maybe it's time someone tried that again.

NELL IRVIN PAINTER

Boston

■ Randall Robinson overlooks one important component of reparations—arriving at a price. Just how much are those centuries of suffering worth? My experience as the widow of a hemophiliac who died of AIDS is not encouraging. The pharmaceutical companies that continued to distribute the HIV-contaminated blood products after they knew they were infected eventually paid $100,000 per infected person—reparations, you might say. Yes, the money is helping pay our children's college tuition. Yes, it helps make up for the fact their dad isn't around to help pay the bills. But no, it does not wipe the slate clean. My husband's life was priceless. His suffering was beyond measure. I still feel like I sold him for a few pieces of silver. I would not recommend this as a way to heal, no matter how historical the hurt.

ADA FOCER

FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD

Cincinnati

■ Beverly Gage argues that the Underground Railroad, "even in its heyday, consisted of little more than imaginative propaganda" ["The Ungrounded Railroad," March 13]. She should read the autobiography of John P. Parker, a former slave who settled in Ripley, Ohio, and worked with others to speed scores of fugitive slaves on their way to freedom, published in 1998. Or one of the nation's premier historians, John Hope Franklin, who concludes that there was an "efficient organization" that facilitated breathtaking escapes "that would be quite incredible save for unquestionable verification by reliable sources." He writes that "perhaps nothing did more to intensify the strife between North and South, and to emphasize in a most dramatic way the determination of abolitionists to destroy slavery, than the Underground Railroad."

HERBERT SHAPIRO

New York City

■ Beverly Gage might have mentioned Calvin Fairbank, a young white abolitionist from upstate New York who dared to go south to rescue slaves. He crossed the Ohio into slave state Kentucky and rescued dozens of slaves. He served seventeen years in a Kentucky prison until Union troops freed him. I told his story in my novel *Underground Man*.

MILTON MELTZER

TAKE CARE

Oakland, Calif.

■ Many thanks to Deborah Stone for her excellent March 13 article, "Why We Need a Care

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EDITORIALS

Of AIDS and Missiles

In the post–cold war world, there *are* threats to national security. The trick is distinguishing the real from the manufactured ones and deciding how to counter them. The past weeks have offered an edifying demonstration of how the national security class handles the important task of threat assessment. The Clinton Administration has designated AIDS a danger to US national security, noting that the rapid spread of the killer disease abroad—especially in Africa—could destabilize nations, spark ethnic warfare and prevent the growth of free-market democracies. A National Intelligence Estimate projected that one out of four people in southern Africa will likely die from AIDS and that other regions—southern Asia and parts of the former Soviet Union—might suffer a similar "demographic catastrophe." The White House move was commendable, a refreshing change from the Al Gore–led effort to bully South Africa into overturning laws, opposed by the pharmaceutical companies, that would make AIDS drugs cheaper.

But although the Administration was willing to expand national security interests beyond the traditional military and economic concerns, it has been reluctant to battle the threatmongers on the right who proclaim that the United States is menaced by a nuclear missile attack from "rogue nations"—most notably, North Korea, Iran and Iraq—and who assert that the Pentagon must build a national missile defense system (a lesser Star Wars) to thwart this danger. President Clinton will decide this fall whether to go ahead with a limited system. Gore has blasted George W. Bush for supporting an extensive antimissile program but supports a limited shield. That support reinforces the argument that a threat does exist and must be countered by missiles that can hit other missiles.

The threat of AIDS overseas is more real than, say, North Korean missiles. The Administration is considering removing North Korea from its terrorism list, and it has offered to end economic sanctions if Pyongyang eliminates its ballistic missile and nuclear weapons programs—an initiative that ought to be tried before rushing to build an antimissile defense system. As for the other rogues, Iran has taken tentative steps toward democracy, and Iraq's ability to develop new missiles is hindered by international sanctions.

The difference in the resources to be applied to these two threats is staggering. Regarding overseas AIDS, the Administration has doubled its budget request—increasing it to $254 million. That's less than one-tenth of 1 percent of the US military budget. The United States has already spent more than $120 billion on missile defense weapons without deploying an effective system. The current Clinton budget calls for $12.7 billion in missile defense spending over the next five years. The Pentagon estimates that the first stage of a system will cost $26 billion; the Congressional Budget Office says the real cost might be $60 billion.

Although it is difficult to estimate the cost of combating AIDS in Africa—much of the health infrastructure there would have to be expanded or bolstered to implement an effective anti-AIDS campaign—the Joint United Nations Program on HIV/AIDS says that about $1 billion to $3 billion would adequately fund prevention programs, and a similar amount would take care of treatment programs.

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The case against a ballistic missile defense is not just a matter of money. A recent study by the Union of Concerned Scientists persuasively argues that any nation motivated enough to build a nuclear ballistic missile capable of reaching the United States would also have the means to equip those missiles with decoys and countermeasures to enable the weapon to evade an antimissile system. Furthermore, a national missile defense system threatens the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty, which Russia insists on preserving, and places at risk the continuing START talks between Moscow and Washington, aimed at drastically reducing the nuclear stockpile. And US arms negotiators, who are trying to persuade the Russians to amend the ABMT to permit construction of a limited antimissile system, have acknowledged that the existence of such a system might force the Russians to adopt a "launch on warning" posture—under which Moscow, concerned about US antimissile defenses, would fire its nuclear missiles the moment it detected (or thought it detected) a launch from the US side. Thus, the Administration is conceding to Russia a hairtrigger defense that would increase the danger of accidental war in exchange for deployment of a limited missile-defense system.

What a deal: a system costing $60 billion, perhaps more, that may not work, that may undermine arms-control efforts and that may have a Strangelovian impact on the nuclear face-off. Compare that with a few-billion-dollar program that saves lives and communities in Africa and helps stabilize a region. We can throw money into the sky, hoping it deflects future missiles that may or may not be there. Or we can confront an on-the-ground threat that is costing the lives of millions. And it's not even either/or: We can do both if the Star Wars revivalists insist on their folly. Paring $4 billion off Gore's $250 billion tax cut would pay for an overseas anti-AIDS campaign. Recognizing true threats—like AIDS—is a good start toward a reasonable national security policy. We must also make sure that real and present problems are not overshadowed by hype and make-believe.

COMMENT

Antitrust & the Media–I

This spring the topic of antitrust returned to the headlines after a long absence as the government pursued and won (for the time being) its case against Microsoft and, in a more muted way, as Time Warner and Disney got into a fight over distribution that is part of a high-stakes battle for control of access to America's homes. Let's hope that the two cases will reinvigorate the notion of antitrust in our political culture. Over the past year or two there have been rumblings that antitrust should go beyond its current narrow application to firms that have virtual monopolies in markets and return to its original populist purpose of breaking up concentrated wealth as a cancer on democratic governance.

If this takes place, most experts argue, corporate media will be first on any target list. After a decade of deal-making, the US system is now dominated by nine massive media conglomerates.

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Although not one is a monopoly of any one national market à la Microsoft or Standard Oil, these are closed markets for all intents and purposes. And, as the AOL/Time Warner marriage highlighted, these firms have largely tamed the commercialized Internet. It is not merely their economic power, or even their cultural power, that causes concern. It is their political power. They have grown so large that they are close to being untamable by government.

On Capitol Hill progressive legislators like Senator Paul Wellstone have announced their support for applying antitrust to the existing media system. "There's no question that we have to start talking in a serious way about media, about media mergers and monopolies, about the balance between public and commercial television, about how we can encourage more diversity in ownership and in content, about the role that media plays in a democracy where most people don't vote," says Wellstone. Nor is this an issue with appeal only to the left. When Time Warner briefly removed Disney's ABC from its cable offerings in several cities in early May, New York City Mayor Rudolph Giuliani told reporters, "This is an example of what happens when you allow monopolies to get too big and they become too predatory and then the consumer is hurt. For the life of me, I can't figure out why the Justice Department has spent so much time on Microsoft and so little on this industry."

Applying antitrust to media will not be enough. Even with an enlightened policy of media ownership in the digital age, there would still be too much power in the hands of owners and advertisers. That is why antitrust must be complemented by an aggressive and wide-ranging program to establish a viable nonprofit and noncommercial media sector. But using antitrust powers would at least be a beginning. ROBERT W. MCCHESNEY

Robert W. McChesney, a professor at the University of Illinois, is the author of Rich Media, Poor Democracy *(Illinois).*

Antitrust & the Media–II

First AOL and Time Warner announced their intention to combine. Then came Time Warner/EMI and Tribune/Times Mirror. Even more significant, however, has been the speculation that these mergers have caused: If these transactions are consummated, a large number of additional media mergers are expected. There is even the possibility of a nightmare scenario—a wave of media mergers so large that within a decade most of our information will be supplied by perhaps six of these huge conglomerates and a fringe of much smaller firms.

It's time to ask two critical questions. Is this kind of media oligopoly what we, as a society, want? And if not, can the antitrust laws effectively prevent the threatened merger wave? The answer to the first question is clear. We do not want a media oligopoly. The answer to the second question, however, is far less certain.

We should distrust a media oligopoly because it would give undue control to a small number of individuals. This need not manifest itself in a price rise for the daily newspaper or AOL's monthly fee. Rather, it could consist of a change in editorial viewpoints, a shift in the relative prominence of links to certain websites or a decision not to cover certain topics, because they are not "newsworthy." These problems could exist without any improper intent on the part of the media barons. Even if they try to be fair and objective, they will necessarily bring their own worldview to the job. And in time some of these conglomerates may be controlled by people who are not fair or objective.

At first it might appear that the antitrust laws can be of little help in grappling with the issues presented by large media mergers. The antimerger laws are commonly understood as protecting price competition, and a relatively small number of firms—to greatly oversimplify, let's say at most half a dozen—are normally thought to be enough to keep a market price-competitive. In industry after industry firms merge until there is only a handful left, and the antitrust enforcers are normally unable to do anything to prevent this. (In former years mergers were governed by an "incipiency" standard that prevented mergers and merger waves well before they would have led to very large or likely anticompetitive problems.) Even if a handful of firms are enough to insure effective competition in most industries, would six conglomerate media firms be sufficient for the diversity of viewpoints necessary to democracy? Would we be reassured if they could somehow guarantee that they would sell their magazines and Internet advertisements at competitive prices?

I am hopeful that the antitrust laws, if correctly and vigorously interpreted, are adaptable enough to meet this challenge. This is because antitrust is not exclusively about price. It is essentially about choice—about giving consumers a competitive range of options in the marketplace so that they can make their own, effective selection from the market's offerings. Consumers should be able to make their choices along any dimension important to them—including price, variety and editorial viewpoint.

Communications media compete in part by offering independent editorial viewpoints and an independent gatekeeper function. Six media firms cannot effectively respond to the demand for choice or diversity competition by extending their product lines, because new media products will inevitably bear, to some degree, the perspective of their corporate parent. For these reasons competition in terms of editorial viewpoint or gatekeeping can be guaranteed only by insuring that a media market contains a significantly larger number of firms than is required for price competition in other, more conventional markets.

It is unclear, however, whether this interpretation of the anti-

NATION NOTES

The National Federation of Community Broadcasters has awarded a special merit prize to *Nation* contributing editor Marc Cooper and KPFK general manager Mark Schubb as executive producers of the nationally broadcast "Teach-in on the War in Kosovo," sponsored last year by KPFK, *RadioNation*, the Nation Institute and Southern California Americans for Democratic Action. Cooper's 4 PM daily show also won an NFCB award for best daytime show.

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COMMENT

trust laws will be applied by the enforcement agencies and the courts. What is needed, therefore, is a much more careful look at the challenges that will be raised by future media mergers.

This could best be accomplished if Congress created a Temporary Committee to Study Media Mergers and Media Convergence. This committee could include members of Congress; the heads of the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Communications Commission and the Justice Department's antitrust division; CEOs of media companies; and representatives of consumer groups. The committee would identify problems that may be caused by large media mergers and by media convergence. If the committee concludes that existing antitrust laws are inadequate, it should recommend to Congress that new antimerger legislation be enacted. This may be the only way to prevent the nightmare scenario of a media oligopoly. ROBERT H. LANDE

Robert H. Lande is Venable Professor of Law at the University of Baltimore and senior research scholar at the American Antitrust Institute.

Israel's Lebanon Clients

In 1986 I was a member of the Israeli Army serving in Lebanon. One thing I remember is routinely jumping out of bed at 2 or 3 in the morning to fire a few mortar bombs. From time to time we also conducted "deliberately designed operations," raiding houses or villages that, according to Israeli intelligence, were hiding arms or "terrorists."

Now, eighteen years after Israel invaded Lebanon, the Israeli government is finally contemplating a military withdrawal in July from the 10 percent of Lebanon it occupies. On the margins of the current debate is the future of the South Lebanese Army, Israel's mercenary force that functions as the governing power in the buffer zone. The nature of Israel's relationship with the SLA has always been presented in vague terms, but an experience I had in Lebanon sheds some light on how it was established.

One day I was told by my commander to serve as a bodyguard for a man I now believe was an Israeli secret service agent. Toward the middle of the day, we drove into a small village where he met with the elders. Not knowing Arabic, I didn't understand the discussion, so when we returned to the car I asked him what had transpired. "I told them that I need three additional men for the SLA," he said, adding that in return he had offered them construction material for a new mosque. During the ride back to the base, he told me that most villages within the buffer zone needed to fill a quota in order to remain in good standing with the Israeli military. The village we had visited had yet to provide the men, but he was sure that it would.

According to the March 10 issue of the Israeli daily *Haaretz*, about 1,500 SLA fighters are currently registered employees of the Israeli military. Their income for services rendered ranges from $500 to $900 a month. In addition, about 2,500 Lebanese laborers enter Israel each day to work for Israeli farmers or industrialists. In order to cross the international border, these low-wage laborers require entry permits, which they can get only from the SLA. The SLA soldiers, in turn, receive remuneration for each laborer who works inside Israel. *Haaretz* estimates that 20,000 Lebanese make their living directly or indirectly through Israel's presence in Lebanon.

These people's fate is tied to Israel not only because they are dependent on it for their livelihood but also because they have collaborated with the occupying power and committed atrocities in its name. Amnesty International reports that since early 1985 the SLA has been actively operating an interrogation and detention facility known as Al-Khiam. No warrants, court hearings or sentences are used in South Lebanon, indicating that the prisoners are held in jail outside any legal framework. Torture, Amnesty claims, has on occasion resulted in the death of detainees.

Recently, a number of Israeli human rights organizations have petitioned the High Court of Justice demanding the release of an estimated 160 detainees at Al-Khiam. They claim that Israel, not the SLA, is ultimately responsible for the prison compound. Although the rights groups would seem to have a case, it is unlikely that the Lebanese people, most prominently the Hezbollah, will exonerate the SLA. Thus, the SLA soldiers and their families will be in danger of reprisals following Israel's withdrawal.

As it prepares for that July withdrawal, the Israeli military is trying to determine what to do. At the beginning of April, it asked real estate agents to locate 1,000 apartments for SLA members and their families. But while the news regarding the apartments was making headlines, Gen. Antoine Lahad, head of the SLA, notified the press that he and his men intend to remain in Lebanon. Considering that Lahad receives his paycheck from Israel and that Israeli generals must get permission before they talk to the press, Lahad likely coordinated his statement with Israeli officials. What he said was both revealing and alarming: Could it be that Israel intends to withdraw its troops but leave its mercenary army intact?

This sinister scheme would probably be supported by the majority of Israelis. They are worried about the safety of Israeli troops and the northern settlements but have little to say about the brutal occupation. What these Israelis ignore is that the SLA is a tool of the occupying power and that neither the Lebanese nor the Hezbollah guerrillas will consider Israel's withdrawal complete without the full disbanding of its mercenary army. NEVE GORDON

Neve Gordon teaches in the department of politics and government at Ben-Gurion University, Israel.

CALVIN TRILLIN

My Advice for the Final Enraged Cuban-American Demonstrator in Miami

Some lessons can be learned from strife.
The lesson here is: Get a life!

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COMMENT

Corporations Reimagined

Most politicians fear to challenge corporate power, not only because they need financial support during elections but for a deeper reason as well. They fear that corporations can always threaten to move their base of operations, leaving joblessness and economic devastation in their wake. The various branches of the progressive movement each seek some minimal restraints on corporate power. But the history of the environmental movement demonstrates the problem here: For every victory won—at the expenditure of huge amounts of energy—there emerge three or four new areas where unrestrained consumption and the extension of the market to every corner of the world threaten the planet while developing new labor markets that pay exploitative wages.

And as the ethos of selfishness and materialism generated by the market and glorified by the media as "human nature" increasingly presents itself as "common sense" to the peoples of the

(Continued on Page 24)

In Fact...

CLIOS, SCHMIOS!

Mark Crispin Miller reports that the fourth annual Schmio Awards were held in April at the Saklad Auditorium at NYU's Kriser Dental Center. Appropriate venue. The mock awards ceremony, sponsored by NYU's Department of Culture and Communication, was founded to operate, without anesthesia, on the year's worst advertising (Schmio is a play on the advertising industry's legit Clio awards).This year, however, the awards went not to the usual crass, manipulative, sexist, racist, etc. ads (such is, after all, the nature of the Mad Ave beast) but to examples of rank commercialization in the media. PBS got a Schmio for its galloping commercializing; singled out were its marketing tie-ins between Teletubbies and McDonald's and avoidance of controversy in documentary films. ABC News garnered an award for its on-air promotion of a pets.com puppet without disclosing that Disney, proprietor of ABC, owns a piece of pets.com. Other nominees included *Time for Kids* for its cover story on the movie *Pokémon*, released by Warner Brothers, which is owned by Time Warner; *Brill's Content* for its cover story on NBC's *The West Wing*, even though the network is a partner in Steve Brill's website Contentville; and the *LA Times* for its special supplement on the Staples Business Center, with which it shared advertising revenue. In a serious vein Ralph Nader was presented the Herbert I. Schiller Award for a lifetime of fighting commercial power. Ads weren't neglected: e.g., the Nuveen commercial showing Christopher Reeve walking was honored as Creepiest Ad of the Year.

MICKEY MOUSE PUBLIC SERVICE

TV stations are required to submit quarterly reports to the FCC listing shows that fulfill their public-service obligation. In a recent filing Disney-owned WABC offered the following examples of public service programming: *Oprah*, Barbara Walters's pre-Oscar special and an episode of *Inside Hollywood*. For children's programming it listed *Sabrina, the Teen-age Witch* and *101 Dalmatians*, a Disney movie.

EUROPEAN MANIFESTO

Daniel Singer writes: Western Europe is swinging to the right with Social Democratic governments following in the footsteps of their conservative predecessors. A manifesto was recently issued to counter this trend. Based on an original draft by the French sociologist Pierre Bourdieu, this text urges unions, NGOs and other radical associations to join together in a network that will attack the fashionable doctrines that underpin globalization. Since the adversary is international, this new counterpower will seek to develop a movement able, when required, to force international organizations as well as individual governments to take measures to control the transnational flow of capital or to impose a more equitable distribution of wealth. Before the end of this year a founding conference will be held to produce a Charter for a European Social Movement. The conference should (1) lead to a confrontation with current trends toward "flexibility," job insecurity and the impoverishment of millions; (2) set up permanent links allowing for a rapid mobilization for common action; (3) define common objectives for national and international actions aimed at constructing a different society. This gathering is meant to "start a process of collective creation capable of offering a realistic utopia for those who do not accept the world as it is." Among the first signatories: Bourdieu, Günther Grass, José Bové and trade-union leaders from Italy and Germany. Since it was partly inspired by Seattle, it would be good if the movement found a US partner.

THE RED AND THE BLACK

In a May 1 homily Pope John Paul II spoke out on the threats to workers and poor people posed by globalization and said it "should never be allowed to violate the dignity and centrality of the human person or the democracy of peoples." He expressed concern for "people who are forced to live in a poverty which offends their dignity and blocks them from sharing the goods of the earth and forces them to feed themselves with what falls from the table of the rich." He gave the speech at a site near Rome where Italian trade unions traditionally hold their big May Day rally, causing *Il Manifesto* to grumble: "The Pope has appropriated the workers' festival. Will he perhaps sing 'Red Flag'?"

THE SWOOSH AND THE SWEATS

We rather doubt that the Pope's concern for workers' rights and the poor will be heeded at Nike. A recent report documents the sneaker maker's "global sweatshop strategy"—contrary to its claims of improved labor practices. Called "Sweatshops Behind the Swoosh," the report, sponsored by a coalition of labor, student and human rights groups, asserts that "Nike remains a sweatshop producer on a global scale." It reveals that Nike workers in China, where the company recently moved 40 percent of its contract work, put in twelve-hour days and seven-day weeks and earn $1.50 for every pair of shoes they turn out—which Nike sells for $80–$120. The company's Indonesian workers' wages have fallen in real terms. Indonesian workers complained of abuse and cruel treatment by supervisors, such as being forced to stand for hours in the sun. They earn 16–19 cents an hour, not nearly enough to cover basic living costs. The report (available at www.uniteunion. org) concludes: "The deplorable conditions in Nike factories are Nike's fault. In a global economy with no rules that protect workers, it is companies such as Nike who direct the global sweatshop in industries such as clothing and footwear."

NEWS OF THE WEAK IN REVIEW

Representative Gregory Meeks was one of two legislators wavering on permanent normal trade relations who joined an Administration-sponsored junket to China (which omitted Nike plants from the itinerary). Constrained by the official entourage, Meeks ventured out to meet the people. Accosting a young woman, he demanded: "Do you like China?" "Of course I do, she replied. "I'm Chinese!"

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

He Should Remember His Sister

Now it's Al Gore, crime fighter, outlining his plans in a recent speech in Atlanta. The erstwhile dope smoker from Tennessee fears the erstwhile cocaine user from Texas has the edge on the crime issue. Hence his dash for the low ground. Among the Atlanta pledges: The minute he's settled into the Oval Office and signed a pardon for the former incumbent, President Gore will be calling for 50,000 more cops (more half-trained recruits like the ones who shot Amadou Diallo) and for allowing off-duty cops to carry concealed weapons (which almost all of them do anyway).

No, it's unlikely President Gore will endorse medical marijuana, despite his erstwhile post-Vietnam therapy with opium-laced marijuana in the days when he worked for *The Tennessean*. In the words of his friend John Warnecke (who imported the Thai sticks from the West Coast), Al "smoked as much as anybody I knew down there, and loved it."

Gore is promising prisoners "a simple deal: before you get out of jail, you have to get clean. And if you want to stay out, then you'd better stay clean." Not only does he want to test prisoners for drugs while they're in jail, he wants to test parolees twice a week and return them to jail if they fail. Other features of Al's war on crime: He wants to put Tommy Hilfiger out of business. How else can we interpret Gore's call for gang-free zones, banning "gang-related" clothing? What about gang-related music? Hmmm, Tipper tried that last one, and it didn't work out too well.

Among Gore's other big plans to combat crime: He wants to target telemarketers who prey on seniors. What about telemarketers who prey on people sitting down to dinner? George W. says he'll put them on death row. Where are you on *that* one, Al?

Here we are in a time when a sizable chunk of the population think there are some serious flaws in the justice system. Governor of Illinois George Ryan, a believer in capital punishment, suspends the death penalty in his state because he no longer believes it can be fairly administered. New York and Los Angeles are in an uproar over trigger-happy and corrupt cops. That AP photo of the INS snatch of Elián stirs Republicans in the House to start talking about federal goons. Sphinxlike silence from Gore on most of these matters, except of course a tip of his hat to the Miami Cubans. The only difference between him and George W. on the death penalty is that George W. actually laughs when he's quizzed about state poisoning in the Texas death house outside Huntsville.

As for Al's favored drug of the early seventies, last year about 700,000 were arrested for marijuana offenses, about 87 percent for possession. That's more than double the equivalent number for the early nineties. Of the federal prison population of 118,000, about 60 percent are in for drug-law violations, the largest proportion for marijuana. So Al should feel a special kinship with these inmates. Drug offenders constitute about a quarter of the 1.2 million in state prisons and the 600,000 in local jails. Most state drug prisoners are in for heroin- or cocaine-related offenses, so maybe George the coke snorter should save his tiny reserves of compassion for them.

The other day I spoke at a meeting in Berkeley organized by people who want cities to shift gears on the drug war. One of the other speakers was Ethan Nadelmann of the Lindesmith Center, which pushes for drug-policy reform. Nadelmann made some good points at the event and later, when I asked him about Gore's crime proposals. "The idea that when people relapse the punishment should be prison is both anti-scientific and fundamentally inhumane," Nadelmann said. "The whole motto of twelve-step is 'one step at a time.' Relapse is part of the recovery process. The notion that people should be reincarcerated based on dirty urine, even when they are getting the rest of their life together, is bad public policy, costly, inefficient and—again—inhumane."

America is so hooked on prisons that right now, as Nadelmann points out, the easiest way to get treatment for drug addiction is to commit a crime and get yourself arrested. Of course, it's the worst place to get drug treatment, but finding it outside the criminal justice system is very tough, unless you have plenty of money. Someone should tell Al that the surest place to get drugs is prison, where it's brought in by the guards, the very folks who are supposed to be supervising punishment and cleanup. Gore won't have anything to say about that. He's far too chicken to take on the correctional officers' associations.

Is there a way out of the insane drug war, which is debauching the Bill of Rights, filling our prisons and failing in all its professed aims (though not its tacit one, of social control)? Nadelmann is thinking along the right lines: "an alternative drug-control regime, based on individual sovereignty—control of your body and what you put into it—plus a public health program. People should not be punished for what they put into their bodies but for the harm they do to others."

Gore knows all about addiction. His sister Nancy, as he reminds us from time to time, was killed by cigarettes, unable to kick the habit even as she was breathing with one cancerous lung. He also knows about congenital dispositions. His wife, Tipper, is a depressive. He knows about therapy too, having communed with shrinks when he was having the midlife sag that partly prompted his 1992 book *Earth in the Balance*.

Suppose tobacco someday becomes a criminalized drug. Booze too. Suppose Sister Nancy were still around and got put in prison for manslaughter while driving under the influence of alcohol. How would brother Al feel if she were given more jail time because she couldn't quit smoking? How would he feel if she were out on parole, then put back in jail because nicotine or alcohol showed up in her blood in a routine test when she applied for a job? How would he like it if someone told Tipper that she should just "snap out of" her depression?

I doubt Al will connect the dots between Nancy's smoking habit and his stupid anticrime proposals. He's slow to see connections. After all, he stayed addicted to subsidies for his own tobacco farm and to tobacco-industry cash for seven years after Nancy died, before finally claiming that he'd tested clean. ■

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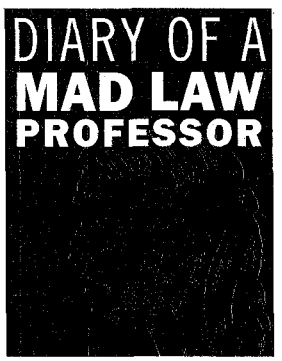
PATRICIA J. WILLIAMS

Field of Daydreams



I love Little League in New York City, which is a surprise to anyone who knows me. After all, I am too old for organized teams ever to have been a presence in my youth. I grew up on a little dead-end street with a vacant lot at the end of it, where the neighborhood boys (it was never girls back then) gathered stones—much better than balls—and batted them around with sticks. If anyone got hit, they would be exhorted by their stern fathers not to act like sissies and cry.

In any event I'm not a baseball fan. I'm not the sporty sort if the truth be known, but my son likes the game and it's a mother's lot to sacrifice. Besides, I live in Manhattan, where the five- or six-year-old softball league is pure, raucous, ridiculous entertainment. I hear it's different in the suburbs or west of the Hudson River, where people actually know the rules, but here in the Big Apple, you have a lot of parents whose idea of a physical workout is running on a treadmill with Palm Pilots in their hands. Some of them have not recently risked exercise without a personal trainer, so it's amusing to see them come out of their Wall Street warrens and pantomime big guys on steroids. No one's ever gone as far as chawing tobacco, but smaller affectations—chewing gum while looking tough—are no less hilarious.

In truth, the fathers are quite gentlemanly—unless of course there's any likelihood of an actual score, at which point they behave exactly as they might on the floor of the stock exchange on a particularly volatile market day. Most of the time, they gather in knots, evaluating the children for promise, giving tips about swing and stance, rubbing their shoulders and rotating their arms as though loosening the kinks of some greater exertion, removing their caps, running their fingers through their hair with genuine athletic grace, settling the caps back on their heads with practiced major league nonchalance. Their jeans are dry-cleaned, their shirts are weekend-casual—handsome button-down, denim-linen blends. Their barn jackets are from London Fog.

The mothers express their competitive tension in different ways. They huddle in anxious clumps comparing statistics: So where's your kid in school? What were his scores?

The children themselves are as cute as buttons in their bright blue uniforms with the names of various major league teams across their chests and the much larger names of local sponsors across their backs. Each week my son's team plays a different commercial patron. There is something weird and only-in-New-Yorkish about watching Murray's Cheese Shop battling it out with Forbes, Inc.

"Wouldn't you know it," grumbles a father who works for *Fortune* magazine. "I've got *Forbes* on my back all day as it is. Now I've gotta deal with it on my kid's back."

The rules are generous in the junior minor league. "The runner is out if he/she goes out of the basepath (within reason)," a rule that is tested when, for example, a coach shouts, "Run to home," and the reasonable young neophyte heads for his house. The proscriptions for conduct are basic: "Batters should be warned only once about thrown bats." And the coach's objective is limited to "keeping their heads in the game"—that, I assure you, being no small task.

The first pitch is lobbed, the game begins. Well, sort of begins. As the ball arcs through the air, the batter stops to watch a flock of pigeons rise into the air. The first baseman stops to blow his nose. The second baseman stops to trade Pokémon cards with the enemy team. The center fielder sits cross-legged on the ground, apparently digging for earthworms.

The second pitch is lobbed, a second child at bat. "Choke up, buddy boy," howls the proud father, who is sitting behind me but so close to the edge of his seat that a fine spray moistens the back of my neck. Buddy boy is about three and a half feet tall with a huge helmet sliding about on his little head. The team shirt hangs on him like a dress. Buddy chokes, swings and then topples with the weight of the bat. As he lies sprawled on the ground, his father offers reassurance to grow into: "Atta boy, champ!"

A third pitch is tossed, and the batter unexpectedly smacks the ball. No one is prepared. The little third baseman has been chatting away on a cell phone; quickly he hands it to Daddy. The ball hurtles toward first. Seemingly relieved, the third baseman takes back the phone and continues an animated discussion about whether he should be forced to suffer pumpkin tortellini *yet again* for lunch.

Meanwhile, the first baseman makes a valiant run for the ball (with no help from the outfielders, who are busy eating doughnuts). He might have caught it but for the fact that the children are playing on what is also a soccer field, and there are large goal nets at either end. The ball curves downward into the goal zone/outfield, and the first baseman leaps upward through space to meet it. But his feet tangle in the net, and he crashes to the ground. He is not hurt, but he is hopelessly ensnared, flopping like a fish, head and shoulders on the ground, feet suspended high in the net.

He flails like this for quite a while because no one on the field even notices him. His unusual misfortune has been upstaged by an intense boxing match that has broken out on second base: Two children are pushing and pummeling each other so that one forgets to run, the other is oblivious to the ball. When the one who forgets to run is taken off the field to be chided by his mother and have ice applied to his noggin, he wails, "But she started it!"

"This is why they shouldn't let girls on these teams," complains his father bitterly.

But when the din dies and the dust settles, we realize that a miracle has graced us: The batter has quietly, doggedly, trotted all the way around the diamond and back to home plate—past the bobbling first baseman, through the battle at second and under the nose of the third baseman, who is again chatting on the phone. The mothers whoop. The fathers holler. The pigeons wheel in fright. The sun breaks through the clouds; popcorn and Gatorade pour from the heavens. A rainbow appears in the deep water-blue spring sky, as joy in Mudville reigns. ■

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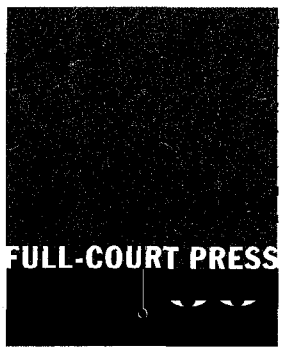
ERIC ALTERMAN

Back to the *Forward*

I start to worry whenever the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page cites *theliberalNewRepublic* for support. It usually augurs a temporary cease-fire between far-right paleocons and center-right neocons for the purpose of excluding the rest of us. It happened repeatedly during the eighties regarding El Salvador, Nicaragua and the MX missile, among many other crises, and it's happening right now on the slightly less momentous matter of the future of the weekly Jewish newspaper the *Forward*, circulation 26,183.



Both publications are angry over the decision of the Forward Association, which controls the paper, to fire editor Seth Lipsky—who founded its English-language edition in 1990—because the association's social-democratic conscience could no longer abide the editor's neoconservative politics. The original daily *Forward*, begun in 1897, blossomed into certainly the most influential Yiddish, and among the most important socialist, institutions in the United States. With more than 270,000 readers at its height in the twenties, the *Forward* fought for open immigration laws and against anti-Semitism, educated millions of immigrants about their new country and screamed bloody murder about the rise of the Nazis. It did all this while putting out a sophisticated culture section, including brilliant literary criticism, the serialization of Nobel laureates and translations of great works into Yiddish. In its salad days, the paper's guiding spirit was Abe Cahan, a brilliant if mercurial journalist who ruled his roost for fifty years with an awesome combination of vision and tenacity.

But when former *Forward* editor Jonathan Mahler writes in *The New Republic* that Lipsky, in creating an English version of the paper, "arrived at a desert and built a beautiful garden," he is at least half right. The Yiddish-language paper's glory days were a distant memory. A victim of the slow death of the culture that once sustained it, the now-weekly's circulation was falling toward its current level of about 7,000 (it's still falling).

Lipsky created a Jewish newspaper unlike any other in America. Instead of puffing up the chests of the smug leadership of Jewish officialdom, he sent muckraking journalists into their offices to make them miserable. He hired and trained young and inexperienced writers and fed them into better-paying and higher-profile publications, on the model of Charlie Peters's *Washington Monthly*. The *Forward*'s literary coverage proved first-rate, particularly under the direction of novelist Jonathan Rosen, and its human-interest stories were often delightfully hokey. But the politics, oy! It was as if the editor were channeling Norman Podhoretz. As I write this, a Lipsky editorial is exploiting the current Elián *mishegoss* to launch a pre-emptive attack on Jews who do not support the Jesse Helms line on Cuba. The same editorial takes pride in the paper's redbaiting nearly eight years ago of Johnnetta Cole—the first black woman president of a black women's college, Spelman—preventing her appointment to the Clinton Cabinet. While American Jews have grown ever more dovish toward the Palestinians, the *Forward*'s Israel coverage tends to reflect the revanchist views of extremists like Ariel Sharon (Lipsky's hero) and Morton Klein of the hard-line Zionist Organization of America. In recent years, when the quality of the staff weakened, Lipsky's prejudices became ever more dominant. Supporters of the peace process were, during the Netanyahu era, treated as cowards and appeasers. Harold Ostroff, former general manager, now board member, of the Forward Association, also complains that Lipsky "often favored an uncivil journalistic style that sometimes bordered on tabloidization." As a result, despite its many virtues the *Forward* became increasingly unreadable for those who did not share its conservative biases, even to its natural constituency (in which I include myself).

Ostroff notes that during the nineties, the paper amassed twice as many ex-subscribers as subscribers today. After ten years of bickering back and forth, the association decided it had finally had enough and threatened to shut down the paper unless Lipsky and his financial backers agreed to walk away. In the resulting *Kulturkampf*, both sides have made valid points. Loyal ex-employees say that without Lipsky, there would be no English *Forward* (as well as no Russian *Forward*, with a current circulation of around 12,000). Eight of them signed a statement calling his firing "devastating both for the cause of free journalism and for the Jewish community." These writers tell me that this is a case where the principle of journalistic independence should outweigh political considerations and that Lipsky deserves to be defended, even in this column.

Well, yes and no. As managing editor Ira Stoll—a Lipsky hire—notes, although editors are entitled to some independence, "There is no principle that obligates a publisher to subsidize views he disagrees with." Why should the association's wealth, created by left-wing laborers who supported the paper for decades, pay for a right-wing newspaper? Lipsky insists that his politics are not quite so conservative and Cahan's were never quite as liberal as is assumed, but his evidence is too selective, ultimately, to convince. And while his friends at the *Wall Street Journal* whine of "political correctness run amok," neither do they hire writers who agitate for workers' rights and environmental protection. Fellow whiner Marty Peretz doesn't pay writers to trash Al Gore or praise the PLO. In political publications, politics matters. Where's the crime in that?

The genuine fear on the part of *Forward* alumni is that the association intends to eviscerate the paper's investigative ethos and turn it into a glorified version of a weekly synagogue bulletin. That would indeed be *a shande un a kharpe* (a shame and a disgrace). To make decent matzobrei, you have to break a few matzos. Ostroff tells me not to worry, but only when we have a new editor will we know for sure. In the meantime, this being capitalism, why don't Lipsky and his conservative backers start their own conservative Jewish newspaper? I've even got a name for it that I'm giving away free of charge: the *Backward*. ■

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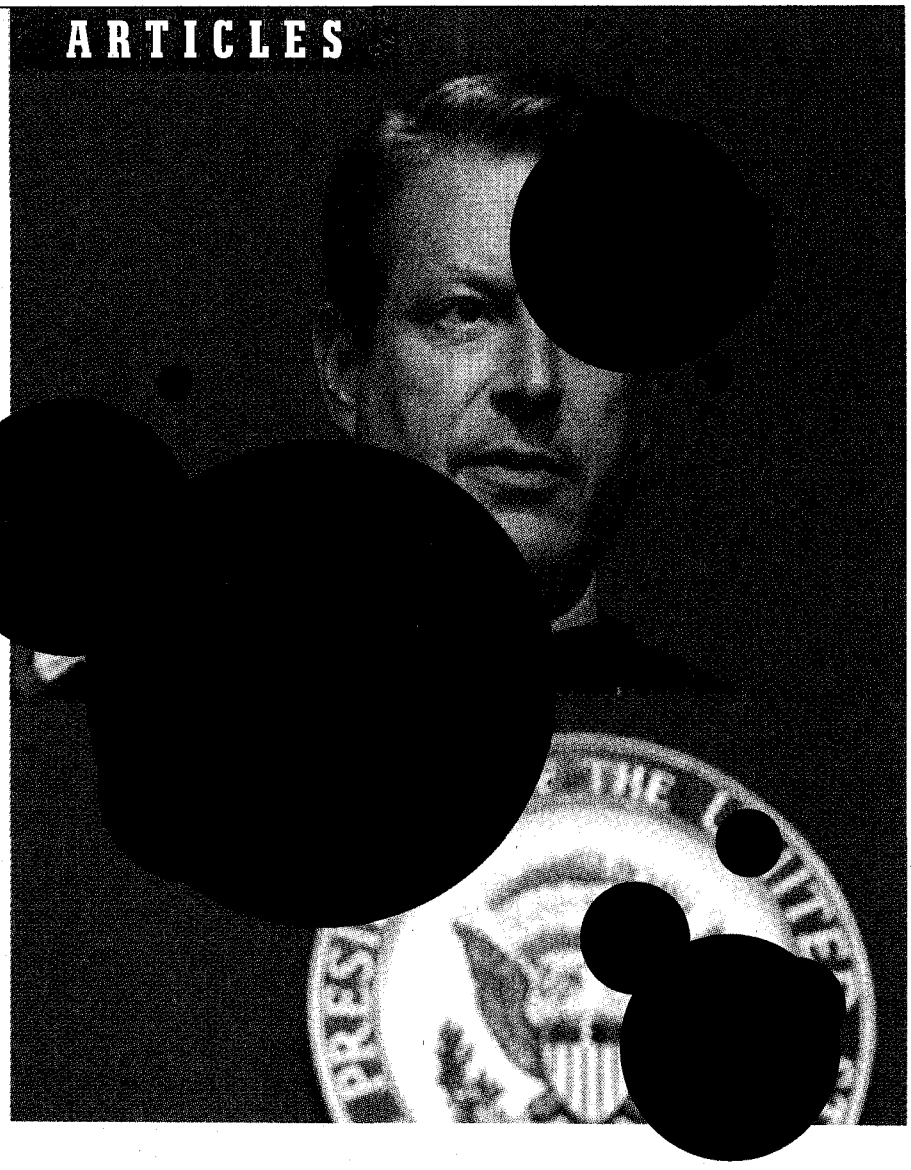

GORE'S OIL MONEY

by KEN SILVERSTEIN

One of the world's hottest battles between indigenous groups and multinational oil companies is heating up in Colombia, where Occidental Petroleum is seeking to drill on land claimed by the 5,000-member U'wa tribe. Early this year, the Colombian government deployed several hundred soldiers to guard workers building a road to the multibillion-dollar project. That led to a clash in February when security forces used tear gas to break up an anti-Occidental demonstration of several hundred Indians. Three children reportedly drowned when they fell into a river as they fled from government troops. The U'was won at least a temporary victory on March 31, when a Colombian court ordered the government to stop Occidental from drilling on tribal land.

Meanwhile, an international campaign opposing Occidental's plan is also picking up steam. On April 28 about 100 demonstrators turned up at Occidental's annual meeting in Santa Monica and called on the company to halt the project. Activists have also picketed the offices of Fidelity Investments, which owns about 8 percent of Occidental's shares, and criticized Vice President Al Gore, whose family owns at least a quarter of a million dollars' worth of Occidental stock.

But government backing for Occidental's Colombia proposal runs far deeper than the Gore family's stock portfolio. *The Nation* has learned, from a government source and the internal memos of an Occidental lobbyist, that the Clinton Administration has been quietly helping the company—a generous donor to the Democrats in recent years—to win support in Colombia for its drilling

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plans. While Gore has strong ties to Occidental, the Administration's point man on the issue is Energy Secretary Bill Richardson, who last year traveled to Cartagena and met with government officials on the company's behalf. Richardson has also hired a former Occidental lobbyist to work in a key international-policy position at the Energy Department.

Occidental has been eyeing the Colombian site, located in a lushly forested northern region near the town of Samore, for almost a decade. The company believes the Samore block holds 1.4 billion barrels of oil, which at today's prices would fetch about $35 billion on international markets. Occidental claims to have a strong environmental record in Colombia—already the number-seven supplier of American oil and sitting atop at least 2.6 billion barrels of untapped petroleum reserves—but its viewpoint is not widely shared. Oil spills from its Caño Limon pipeline, headquartered just north of U'wa land and repeatedly bombed by guerrillas, have badly polluted rivers and lakes. The Colombian Oil Workers' Union published a report in 1997 saying that Caño Limon is "the best example that petroleum exploitation should not be permitted in Samore at any price."

'The Occidental project is an affront to our livelihood, our lives and our culture.'
—Roberto Perez, U'wa leader

The Colombian government, desperate to attract foreign investment in its moribund oil industry, has been supportive of Occidental's plans. However, pressure from the U'was and their international supporters has had an impact. Last year, President Andres Pastrana agreed to increase dramatically the size of the U'wa reservation. In 1998 PR fallout stemming from the Samore project led Shell Oil, which had been partners with Occidental, to sell its stake.

For the U'was, opposition to Occidental amounts to a last stand. A 1998 report by Terry Freitas—one of three U'wa supporters from the United States killed by leftist guerrillas while visiting the tribe's territory last year—says that the Colombian government stripped the tribe of 85 percent of its land between 1940 and 1970. Tribal leaders say the U'was will commit collective suicide if Occidental is allowed to drill on their land. That may not be an idle threat. According to tribal lore, thousands of U'was jumped off a cliff in the seventeenth century in order to avoid submitting to the Spanish crown.

Roberto Perez, president of the Traditional Authority of the U'wa People, says the struggle over Samore is a symbol of the indigenous rights movement in Colombia. "The key issue for indigenous groups is defending our territory," he said during an interview in early April, when he came to Washington to press the U'wa case. "The Occidental project is an affront to our livelihood, our lives and our culture."

Traditionally a Republican firm, Occidental was linked to the Democrats for many years primarily through Gore's father, Senator Al Gore Sr. The elder Gore was such a loyal political ally that Occidental's founder and longtime CEO, Armand Hammer, liked to say that he had Gore "in my back pocket." When Gore Sr. left the Senate in 1970, Hammer gave him a $500,000-a-year job at an Occidental subsidiary and a seat on the company's board of directors. At the time of his death in 1998, Gore the elder's estate included hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of Occidental stock. The Vice President is the executor of the estate, which still includes the stock and whose chief beneficiary is his mother.

But Occidental's funneling of money to the Gore family doesn't end there. In the sixties, the Gores discovered zinc ore near land they owned in Tennessee. Through a company subsidiary Hammer bought the land for $160,000—twice the amount offered by the only other bidder. He swiftly sold the land back to Al Gore Sr. and agreed to pay him $20,000 a year for mining rights. After receiving his first payment, Gore Sr. sold the land for $140,000 to Gore Jr., who has received a $20,000 check nearly every year since he acquired it. Strangest of all, Occidental has never actually mined the land. Al Jr.'s coffers swelled further in 1985 when he began leasing the land to Union Zinc, an Occidental competitor. (For a full account of the Gore-Occidental relationship, see *The Buying of the President 2000* by Charles Lewis and the Center for Public Integrity.)

According to Neil Lyndon, who worked on Hammer's personal staff and ghosted his memoirs, *Witness to History*, the Occidental chieftain was as cozy with Gore Jr. as he was with Gore Sr. When he came to Washington, Hammer regularly met Gore for lunch or dinner. "They would often eat together in the company of Occidental's Washington lobbyists and fixers who, on Hammer's behest, hosed tens of millions of dollars in bribes and favours into the political world," Lyndon writes. Gore also hosted Hammer for Ronald Reagan's second inaugural and won him a prominent spot when George Bush was sworn in as President in 1989.

Hammer's death the following year did not end the backscratching between Occidental and Gore. In 1992 Occidental loaned the Presidential Inauguration Committee $100,000 to help pay for the ceremony. Four years later, the company gave $50,000 in soft money to the Democrats in response to a phone solicitation from Gore. All told, Occidental has donated nearly half a million dollars in soft money to Democratic committees and causes since Gore joined the ticket in 1992. For his current presidential run, Gore has raised $92,000 from the oil and gas industry. Occidental is his number-two donor in that category, with company executives and their wives donating $10,000 to fuel Gore's campaign.

Occidental's investment in Gore has paid rich dividends. In late 1997 the Vice President championed the Administration's $3.65 billion sale to the company of the government's interest in the Elk Hills oilfield in Bakersfield, California, the largest privatization of federal property in US history. On the very day the deal was sealed Gore gave a speech lamenting the growing threat of global warming. Gore also maintains a close friendship with Occidental CEO Ray Irani. In 1996 the latter spent the night in the Lincoln Bedroom. Two days later his company donated $100,000 to the DNC. In 1994 Irani traveled with Commerce Secretary Ron Brown on a

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Ken Silverstein is a freelance writer based in Washington, DC. His book Private Warriors, *which examines the post–cold war arms trade, is being published this month by Verso. Research assistance was provided by the Investigative Fund of the Nation Institute.*

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trade junket to Russia. Four years later, Irani was invited to a state dinner at the White House for Colombian President Pastrana.

The Clinton Administration says that since no US government money is financing Occidental's project in Samore, it will take no position on the company's investment. "It's a matter that involves the internal policies of another country," says Laura Quinn, a spokeswoman for the Vice President. Gore writes off his family's stock holdings in the company as an inheritance, and Quinn says that the Vice President "has not made a decision proactively himself to make investments."

Privately, the Administration has allied itself with the company's cause. The key figure here is Richardson, who like Gore enjoys warm ties to Occidental. When Bangladeshi Commerce Minister Tofail Ahmed came to the United States for a visit in June 1998, Robert McGee, a lobbyist for Occidental, wrote to the Administration seeking meetings for him. (Occidental is one of many US energy companies eager to tap into Bangladesh's huge natural gas reserves.) Richardson, then the US ambassador to the United Nations, answered the call and met the minister. In October 1998, two months after Richardson had moved on to the Energy Department, McGee dropped him a note along with tickets to the Armand Hammer United World College Reception. (McGee's letters were listed in a summary log of contacts between Occidental and the Energy Department, which I obtained under a Freedom of Information Act request filed eight months ago. The log contains only one-sentence descriptions of the contacts in question. Despite repeated promises, copies of the documents themselves still have not been released.)

A favorable US briefing paper on Samore came directly from Occidental, whose fax number is visible at the top of each page.

Last March Richardson hired a longtime Occidental lobbyist, Theresa Fariello, to serve as his deputy assistant secretary for international energy policy, trade and investment. While working for Occidental, Fariello, according to disclosure forms, lobbied the Energy Department on the company's interests in Colombia, as well as in Ecuador, Russia, Nigeria and Qatar. According to her current job description, Fariello "directs department relations with other nations, develops international energy policy and analyzes world energy market developments." (The summary log obtained under the FOIA refers to an August 1998 letter from Fariello to Richardson. The letter was given a priority level of "Important," though the subject was not given.)

The revolving door has also been spinning in the opposite direction. To promote its Colombia plans, in 1997 Occidental hired Scott Pastrick of the PR firm Black, Kelly, Scruggs & Healey. Treasurer of the DNC during the scandal-racked 1996 campaign, Pastrick is an old friend of Gore's. His role in '96 included preparing "call sheets" that Gore used to brief himself on donors before making fundraising calls. (Pastrick got a bit of bad press for asking Johnny Chung to contribute $125,000 at a 1995 fundraiser at the home of Steven Spielberg.)

Though no longer at the DNC, Pastrick retains remarkable access to the Administration. Last year he and his wife, Courtney, were invited to the state dinner for Japanese Prime Minister Keizo Obuchi, and they've given $4,000 to the Gore 2000 campaign. More important, says a government source, Scott Pastrick has an easy line to key Energy Department staffers, including Richardson's deputy chief of staff for international policy, Rebecca Gaghen. Pastrick has not returned phone calls seeking comment.

Occidental also appears to be well plugged in at the US Embassy in Bogotá. *The Nation* obtained an embassy briefing paper on Samore, which puts a favorable spin on the project. According to the embassy, Occidental is carrying out programs in conjunction with the Samore project that "will directly benefit the [U'wa] and will also contribute to upgrade their infrastructure." Such an enthusiastic appraisal is no coincidence, since the embassy received the briefing paper directly from Occidental—the company's fax number is still at the top of each page, conveniently identifying the sender—and then put it out as its own.

Occidental's drilling proposal is also being pushed by the US-Colombia Business Partnership, an organization headed by Michael Skol, who until early 1997 was the Clinton Administration's deputy assistant secretary of state for Latin America. Eleven major US companies with interests in Colombia, including Occidental, fund Skol's outfit.

All this firepower came together last spring, when Richardson headed to Colombia to speak at a forum organized by the Colombian Energy and Mines Ministry. While there, he talked up the Occidental project with government officials, including President Pastrana. According to the US government source, who was in Colombia at the time, Richardson spent the night at a presidential residence in Cartagena, where he and Pastrana were up until 2 AM drinking rum and gabbing. "It was a real lovefest," this person says. "They really hit it off."

Richardson's trip was a huge success for Occidental. Shortly after the secretary's return, Pastrick reported in a Black, Kelly memo that Richardson had held "positive" talks with Colombian officials about the Samore project and that "things are moving in the right direction." The FOIA log shows that on May 4, 1999, less than two weeks after sipping rum with Pastrana, Richardson wrote a letter to Colombian Energy Minister Luis Carlos Valenzuela urging him to improve the climate for multinationals seeking to invest in Colombia's energy sector. Five months later the Colombian government awarded Occidental the first exploratory-drilling license for the Samore block. (In pressuring Valenzuela, Richardson was pushing on an open door: This past January Valenzuela resigned in response to charges that he pressured a state energy company to sell cheap natural gas to an affiliate of the US energy company Enron.)

Occidental and the Administration are also cooperating in promoting President Clinton's controversial $1.6 billion package in military aid for Bogotá. (Occidental already pays the Colombian military to keep an army base next to a refinery it runs in the country.) The aid request came in the wake of three reports—from the US State Department, the United Nations and Human Rights Watch—that slammed Pastrana's government for human rights abuses and for failing to cut ties between the army and paramilitary death squads. According to the Human Rights Watch report, at least seven senior military officials in Colombia who have links to paramilitary units are graduates of

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Hollywood's new diet phenomenon

Lose up to 10 lbs this weekend!

The Hollywood "Miracle" diet features delicious, all-natural juices that help you lose weight while you cleanse, detoxify and rejuvenate your body.

by Pete Johnson

How often have you wasted precious time and money trying to lose weight? Let's see...I've tried every quick-fix, fad diet known to man...even tried the ones where you buy the pre-packaged food. They all seem to take months to show any results...and by that time my motivation is gone! Even straight fasting didn't work for me. Then I read about the Hollywood 48-Hour Miracle Diet and decided to try it—I had nothing to lose but weight—and I did!

The skinny. James Kabler, world famous for his phenomenally successful Six Day Bio Diet, has now launched the faster and easier Miracle Diet. The Hollywood 48-Hour Miracle Diet is a special formulation of all-natural juices and botanical extracts so it looks like an ordinary bottle of juice—and works like a miracle! For two days you give up all bad food habits. In place of fats, sugars and artificial ingredients, you flood your body with the vitamins, minerals and essential oils found in this amazing juice. Just mix half of it with an equal amount of cold water and sip it throughout the day. It's so easy. There's no measuring or combining foods, no counting calories or points, no hassle. It's that easy.

Hollywood's best-kept diet secret. This amazing diet has been rushed to the sets of E.R., Friends, plus many of today's biggest celebrities. It's what actors, actresses and models use to fit into those sleek suits and sexy dresses—fast! And it's so delicious, refreshing and satisfying that it's featured on the menu of the famous Hollywood Hills Cafe. This phenomenal weight-loss program is great for anyone because you only have to stay on it for 2 DAYS TO SEE RESULTS! Ideal for people who have a special occasion coming up and want to look and feel their best—fast. High-school reunions, weddings, even that trip to Hawaii are all great reasons to lose a quick ten!

Detoxify your system. Based on the time-tested and popular European method of periodic cleansing of the body, the all-natural, citrus-flavored juice supplies your body with vitamins, minerals, antioxidants, essential oils and other cleansing ingredients that detoxify and rejuvenate your body, while you shed pounds. And it supplies more than 100% of the U.S.R.D.A. of 12 essential vitamins in every serving.

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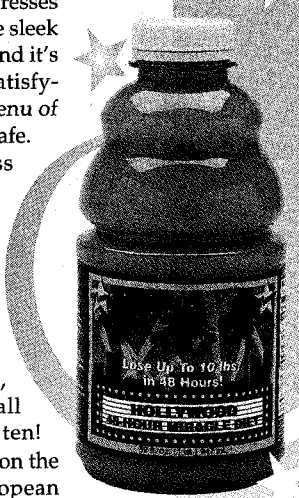

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the US Army's School of the Americas in Fort Benning, Georgia.

On February 15 an Occidental vice president, Lawrence Meriage, testified before a House subcommittee in favor of the package, saying that Colombia's military "lack mobility, equipment and, perhaps most serious, they lack the intelligence-gathering capabilities afforded to their better-funded adversaries." Meriage took the opportunity to denounce opposition to his company's Samore project, which he said is limited to "extremists" in Colombia and "several fringe nongovernmental organizations in the US." The latter—which Meriage didn't name but which include the Rainforest Action Network and Project Underground—are "de facto allies of the subversive forces that are attacking oil installations, electric power stations and other legitimate business enterprises," the Occidental executive said.

The Clinton Administration's cozy relationship with Occidental stands in sharp contrast to its posture toward the U'was. Robert Perez of the U'was met with a number of members of Congress during his April visit but failed, despite repeated requests, to gain an audience with Gore. The same thing happened in 1997, when Gore stiffed Roberto Cobaria, a tribal official then visiting the capital. "We can generally get meetings with the Administration, but it's a question of who comes to the meetings," says David Rothschild of Amazon Alliance, who accompanied Cobaria during his 1997 Washington trip. "We rarely get anyone other than low-ranking officials. That gives you an idea of the level of interest the Administration has in the issue."

Gore has also rebuffed members of his own party who have asked him to support the tribe. On February 22 Representative Cynthia McKinney wrote to Gore and urged him to meet with U'wa leader Perez and to support an immediate suspension of the Samore project. "I am concerned that the operations of oil companies, and in particular Occidental Petroleum, are exacerbating an already explosive situation, with disastrous consequences for the local indigenous people," she said. "I am contacting you because you have remained silent on this issue despite your strong financial interests and family ties with Occidental." McKinney wrote to Gore again on March 30 to complain that he had not responded to her earlier letter. A few days later, Gore finally dropped a note to McKinney to say that, regrettably, he didn't have the time to meet with Perez. ■

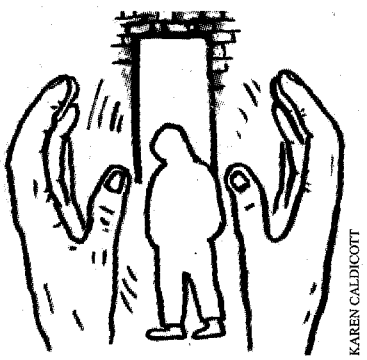
ALL CHILDREN NEED MORE THAN TEST-TAKING SKILLS. PET BURIALS, FOR INSTANCE.

The Details of Life

JONATHAN KOZOL

"Peter's dog ate Jefferson's cat," says Mother Martha in a letter I received from the South Bronx.

Mother Martha is the priest of St. Ann's Church in the Mott Haven neighborhood, still the poorest section of the Bronx and, as physicians tell me, one of the most unhealthy places for a child to grow up in this or any other country of the Western world, with pediatric asthma rates and HIV infection rates for females in their older teenage years believed to be the highest in the nation.



KAREN CALDICOTT

St. Ann's is an Episcopal church. Martha Overall, a spirited and gutsy graduate of Radcliffe, used to practice law with the noted trial attorney Louis Nizer but gave up the law during the eighties and now, as the pastor of St. Ann's, she spends most of her days and nights surrounded by young children. Peter is a 10-year-old who lives above a store on St. Ann's Avenue directly opposite the garden of the church. His cousin Jefferson is living with him now, because the 7-year-old's mother has been seriously ill. She will be ill, as it turns out, for a long time and is for now, according to the priest, at Lincoln Hospital.

"First his mother. Then his cat!" says Mother Martha. "When I found him here this morning he was sitting on the front steps of the church. The cat, or what remained of her, was in a cardboard box. I sat there with him and we had a long talk about animals, because I think you know that some denominations don't believe that animals have souls, and he's been told a number of conflicting things.

"After our talk we found a cookie tin. Armando dressed in black for the occasion. Jefferson and Armando dug the hole. We said a prayer and sprinkled water on the cookie tin, and then the little ones threw dirt into the hole. I think that he was pleased, because he kept on bringing people out to see the grave. He dug her up three times to show his friends."

Armando is the sports director at the church. He tries, as do most people on the staff, to give emotional support to kids like Jefferson when they have troubles in their home. Jefferson doesn't open up to many grown-ups, though. He's rather bashful and has melancholy eyes. When things are going well with him, he likes to race around the churchyard with the pastor and her dog. When things are going badly, he hardly talks at all. He gets a hunted look, like that of a small rabbit frozen by the headlights of a car.

Mother Martha says he chose the prayer they read during the burial. Later, he found two sticks and made a cross to stand above the grave. When warmer weather came, he went back to the grave and planted flowers in the grass. "The dog who ate his cat," says Mother Martha, "is named Diesel—a good name, if you

---

Jonathan Kozol, a frequent Nation *contributor, received the National Book Award in Science, Philosophy and Religion for* Death at an Early Age *(Plume) and the Anisfield-Wolf Book Award for* Amazing Grace *(HarperCollins). This article is adapted from* Ordinary Resurrections: Children in the Years of Hope, *just published by Crown.*

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ask me, for an antisocial character who eats his friends."

Jefferson is one of six or seven children from the neighborhood who spend hours of their time with Mother Martha and for whom she sweeps away appointments with all types of visitors, to the dismay of many who have often traveled a long way to get some time with her. Four of them are boys, and two or three, depending on the season or the year, are girls who are their sisters or their cousins. Katrice, a woman from the neighborhood who runs the free-food pantry at the church, refers to them as "Mother Martha's gang" and disapproves of how they pester and pursue the priest all day. "Look at how they pull her clothes!" she says when they surround her as she's coming from her car.

Jefferson brings animals he finds around the neighborhood into the garden of St. Ann's. He seems happy with the animals, more than he sometimes seems to be with people. He likes to hang around at night with Mother Martha and her dog before it's time for him to go across the street to sleep.

In the business-minded ethos of our age, any money spent on children of poor people must be proven justifiable in cost-effective terms.

Why does this story about Jefferson set off some warning signals for me as a writer? Perhaps simply because I know the fairly hard-nosed attitudes that govern social policy in urban neighborhoods today and can anticipate that this may be perceived as a preposterous distraction from the bottom-line concerns with "discipline" and "rigor" and "job preparation" and "high standards" and what is now known as "high-stakes testing" and the rest of the severe agenda that has recently been put in place for inner-city kids. Burials for cats somehow don't fit into this picture.

Then, too, in the business-minded ethos of our age, any money we may spend on children of poor people must be proven to be economically utilitarian and justifiable in cost-effective terms. But much of what goes on around St. Ann's cannot be justified in terms like these. You could not prove to anyone in Washington that Mother Martha's talk with Jefferson about the possibilities of an afterlife for animals will have "a positive effect" upon his reading scores or make him more employable a decade later.

Those, however, are the usual criteria for budgeting decisions in most programs that serve children. "Productivity" is almost everything. Elements of childhood that bear no possible connection to the world of enterprise and profit get no honor in the pedagogic world right now, nor do they in the economic universe to which it seems increasingly subservient.

Now and then I'm asked to go to conferences of urban school officials, corporation leaders and consultants, and the representatives of agencies that serve (or, as the jargon now requires, "service") inner-city youth. The atmosphere is very different at these sessions than it was only about ten years ago. The dialogue is managerial and structural, and its vocabulary tends to be impersonal and technocratic, weighted down by hyphenated words such as "performance-referenced," "outcome-oriented," "competency-centered." One hears a lot of economics, many references to competition and "delivery of product" and, of course, high standards and exams. Questions that concern the inner health of children, or their happiness or sadness, or their personalities as complicated, unpredictable and interesting little people don't come up at all, or if they do, are often treated as a genteel afterthought and handled with dispatch and even traces of derision.

The settings for these gatherings, which business leaders sometimes underwrite, are generally extravagant. Guests are inundated with expensively produced materials: shoulder bags embossed with corporate logos, loose-leaf notebooks filled with corporate position papers. The feeling of a public school is far removed from all of this. People rarely speak of *children*; you hear of "cohort groups" and "standard variations," but you don't hear much of boys who miss their cats or 6-year-olds who have to struggle with potato balls. If a bunch of kids like Elio and Pineapple—two of the lively children I have known at St. Ann's Church for many years—were seated at the table, it would seem a comical anomaly. Statistical decorum would be undermined by the particularities of all these uncontrollable and restless little variables.

The relentless emphasis at these events is on the future economic worth that low-income children may or may not have for our society. Policy discussions seem to view them less as children who have fingers, elbows, stomachaches and emotions than as "economic units"—pint-sized deficits or assets in blue jeans and jerseys, some of whom may prove to be a burden to society, others of whom may have some limited utility.

"The right kind of investment," says the former CEO of a large corporation that sells toothpaste and detergent, "from conception to age 5, will pay back every dollar we spend at least four for one, plus interest, plus inflation. I don't know of a factory anybody can build that will give that kind of return." However intended, it seems a peculiar way to speak of children.

The trouble with this is that "investment values," whether in petroleum, in soy or in the children of poor people, rise and fall. What if a future generation of geneticists, economists or both should come to the conclusion that the children of St. Ann's don't offer a sufficient payoff to a corporation's bottom line to warrant serious investment? We hear the stirrings of such notions even now in writings that allude to IQ differentials between racial and religious subgroups of the population. The subgroup living in Mott Haven does not stand too high within these rankings. If investment value is the governing determination here, black and Hispanic boys and girls like Elio and Pineapple are certain to be given less of almost everything that can bring purpose or fulfillment to existence than the seemingly "more valuable" white and Asian children who get into schools like Stuyvesant, New York's most famous high school for the academic elite.

Advocates for children, most of whom dislike this ethos, nonetheless play into it in efforts to obtain financial backing from the world of business. "A dollar spent on Head Start," they repeat time and again, "will save our government six dollars over twenty years" in lowered costs for juvenile detention and adult incarceration. It's a point worth making if it's true, although it's hard to prove; and, still, it is a pretty dreadful way to have to think about 4-year-olds. The fact that such a program allows a child the size of Mariposa—one of the littlest children at St. Ann's and one of many in the neighborhood who suffer from chronic asthma—several hundred mornings with warmhearted people in a safe and

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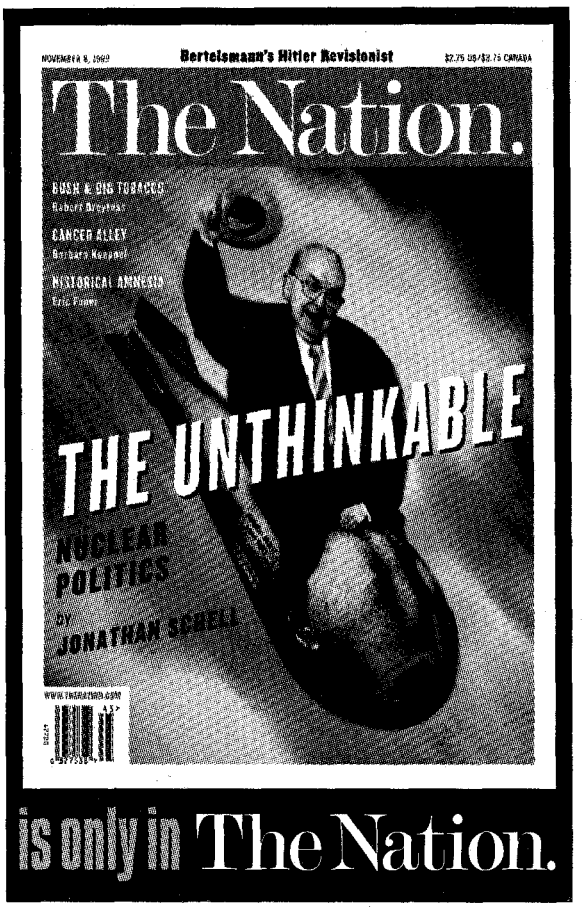

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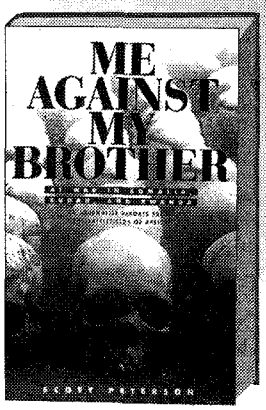

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friendly pastel-painted setting seems to be regarded as too "soft," too sentimental, to be mentioned in the course of these discussions. "We should invest in kids like these," we're told, "because it will be more expensive not to." Why does our natural compassion or religious inclination need to find a surrogate in dollar savings to be voiced or acted on? Why not give these kids the best we have because we are a wealthy nation and they're children and deserve to have some fun while they're still less than four feet high?

Or is the point here that we don't believe this? Sometimes it seems that "having fun" is seen as a luxurious entitlement that cannot be accorded to the child of a woman who relies on welfare lest it make dependent status too enjoyable. It seems at times that happiness itself is viewed as an extravagance and that our sole concerns in dealing with such children must be discipline, efficiency and future worth.

The problem is not only that low-income children are devalued by these mercantile criteria; childhood itself is also redefined. It ceases to hold value for its own sake but is valued only as a "necessary prologue" to utilitarian adulthood. The first ten, twelve or fifteen years of life are excavated of inherent moral worth in order to accommodate a regimen of basic training for the adult years that many of the poorest children may not even live to know. There is no reference to investing in the present—in the childhood of children—only in a later incarnation of the child as a "product" or "producer."

"We must start to think about these inner-city children as our future entry-level workers," we are told by business leaders as they forge their various alliances and partnerships with poorly funded urban schools. It's fair to ask why we are being urged to see "these" children in that quite specific way. Why are we to look at Elio and see a future entry-level worker rather than to see him, as we see our own kids, as perhaps a future doctor, dancer, artist, poet, priest, psychologist or teacher, or whatever else he might someday desire to be? Why not, for that matter, look at him and see the only thing he really is: a 7-year-old child? Mariposa is not simply thirty-seven pounds of raw material that wants a certain "processing" and "finishing" before she can be shipped to market and considered to have value. She is of value now, and if she dies of a disease or accident when she is 12 years old, the sixth year of her life will not as a result be robbed of meaning.

St. Ann's runs an excellent afterschool and literacy program for approximately eighty children. Civic leaders from the downtown business world stop by at times to meet the children and for conversations with the priest. They often get more than they bargained for.

Mother Martha is a fearless woman who speaks truth to power and does not allow her strong political beliefs to be subdued or suffocated by the pretense of civility so common in the upper reaches of the press and power structure in New York. She cuts right through the philanthropic piety of many visitors. "Charity is not a substitute for justice," she says frequently. She's unsparing also in her reference to the seemingly eternalized apartheid of New York—99.8 percent of children in the schools that serve this neighborhood are black or brown, and she does not let visitors forget this. Even the most tough-minded CEOs look shaken sometimes after they have talked with her.

But the presence and the sheer vitality of all these children

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have a powerful effect upon the visitors as well. Once they're here, it seems, their ideologies disintegrate. An intimate reality does often have this power to collapse or modify belief. Nobody seems to want to advocate a "lean and mean" approach to public services for children while they're sitting in the chapel of St. Ann's with Elio or being drilled with questions by Pineapple.

The parents and staff at St. Ann's aren't naïve about the world of economic competition that their children will be forced to enter in a few more years. The pedagogic program at the afterschool is rigorous. The women and men who run the program have a lot of love and hot sauce in their style, but they also have a realistic recognition of the academic needs of children. The church is also forced to pay attention to the newly instituted tests the children have to pass in public school. No one here, no matter how benighted they may think these tests are, has any hesitation about working hard with children on test-taking skills, because they know that children in rich neighborhoods receive this preparation as a matter of routine, often in expensive private programs.

Intensive academics aren't the whole of what goes on here at the afterschool, however. If they were, the children wouldn't come here with such eagerness when they leave public school. Amid the pressures and the tensions about school promotion policies (and nonpromotion policies, which recently have come to be capricious and severe) and reading skills, percentile "norms," math exams and high school applications or rejections, and the rest of what makes up the pedagogic battlefield—which is not now, and never was, a level field for children in poor neighborhoods like the South Bronx—the grown-ups here have also managed somehow to leave room for innocence.

The pastor here has her three degrees: in economics (as an undergraduate at Radcliffe), then in law, and then theology. She also has a bracelet made of jelly beans that Jefferson's sister gave her as a present before Easter. It is, she told me once when I was looking at the brightly colored jelly beans that Jefferson's sister somehow linked together with a needle and a piece of string, the only bracelet anyone has given her since childhood—"more beautiful," she said with pride, "than finest pearls." In an age of drills and skills and endless lists of reinvented standards and a multitude of new and sometimes useful but too often frankly punitive exams, it's nice to find a place where there is still some room for things of no cash value—oddball humor, silliness and whim, a child's love, a grown-up's gratitude and joy—that never in a hundred years would show up as a creditable number on one of those all-important state exams.

Competitive skills are desperately needed by poor children in America, and realistic recognition of the economic roles that they may someday have an opportunity to fill is obviously important too. But there is more to life, and there ought to be much more to childhood, than readiness for economic functions. Childhood ought to have at least a few entitlements that aren't entangled with utilitarian considerations. One of them should be the right to a degree of unencumbered satisfaction in the sheer delight and goodness of existence in itself. Another ought to be the confidence of knowing that one's presence on this earth is taken as an unconditioned blessing that is not contaminated by the economic uses that a nation does or does not have for you. What I admire most about the programs and the atmosphere of daily life here at the church

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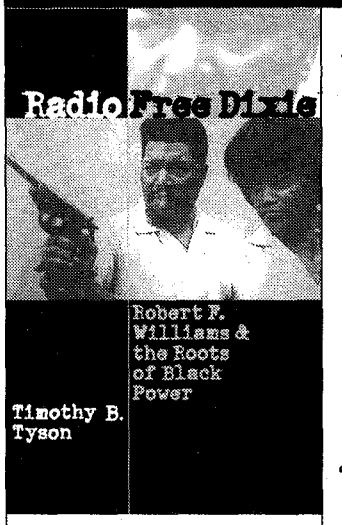

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is that these diverse goals are reconciled in relatively seamless ways that make it possible for children to regard the world, and life itself, as something that, though difficult and often filled with pain and tears, is also sometimes good, and sometimes bountiful in foolishness, and therefore beautiful.

I recognize that jelly beans will not be seen by all Episcopalian officials as appropriate adornments for the vicar of an urban church, but it means something to Jefferson's sister when she sees the pastor wear that bracelet as she stands before the cross to celebrate the mass. The details of life renew our faith in life. In the busy ministries of grief the detailed things—the Band-Aids and the skinned knees and the handiwork of children's fingers—are too easily dismissed or relegated to the margins of consideration. I've been thankful that the detailed things are not forgotten in the course of all the solemn matters that preoccupy the pastor of St. Ann's.

People ask me why I keep on going back to visit at this church when there are other churches in New York that operate effective programs that teach children useful skills each afternoon when they are done with school. I don't usually answer. If I did, I know I wouldn't say too much about the writing program and test-preparation program and computer classes. They're good programs, but a "program," even one that has some provable success, would not have brought me back into a church in the South Bronx nearly 200 times. If I had to answer, I would say that I go back for all the things that can't be calibrated by exams. Elio's imagination and his curiosity and tenderness are part of this, and Pineapple's unselfishness, and Jefferson's shyness and sweet sadness, and his closeness to the priest, and Jefferson's cat.

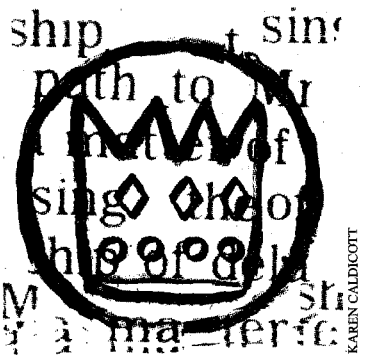
Two years have passed. On quiet afternoons the boy with melancholy eyes goes by himself sometimes into the chapel of St. Ann's and kneels down on the floor to say prayers for his mother and his cat. Mother Martha sometimes prays beside him. I have never asked the pastor what she prays for. ■

IN AN EFFORT TO KEEP ITS SECRETS, WESTMINSTER IS USING AN ASTONISHING APPROACH.

Copyright as Censorship

JON WIENER

The British government, increasingly desperate to silence a former MI5 intelligence officer who has been campaigning to expose government misconduct, has sued him and a London newspaper under the novel doctrine that publishing government documents without permission violates copyright law. The move has ominous implications for the media, including those outside Britain. Since copyright infringement is a civil rather than a criminal offense, it is more likely to be enforced by courts around the world. American media may be vulnerable under this new legal strategy.


KAREN CALDICOTT

The British lawsuits, filed at the end of February, came after the government failed to prosecute David Shayler, a former MI5 intelligence officer now living in Paris, under Britain's draconian Official Secrets Act. Shayler went public in 1997 with information from intelligence agency files. His most serious allegation—subsequently corroborated—was that MI6 was involved in a 1996 assassination attempt on Libyan leader Muammar el-Qaddafi without permission from Prime Minister John Major. (MI5 is the domestic secret service, while MI6 works abroad.) Shayler also reported that MI5 had files on current Cabinet ministers and pop stars, including John Lennon [see Wiener, "Lennon's MI5-FBI Files," March 13].

After Shayler's initial reports, the British government enjoined British newspapers from publishing further revelations from him about MI5, and he fled the country to avoid prosecution under the Official Secrets Act. After he surfaced in France, the British government began extradition proceedings, and Shayler spent nearly four months in a French prison before the French courts ruled in his favor. Since then he has remained in Paris, where his website (www.shayler.com) and frequent interviews with the world's media have continued to expose MI5 misconduct.

All the information Shayler supplied to the media documenting MI5 misconduct and abuse of power is copyrighted by the government, the new lawsuit claims, and the newspapers that published it infringed on the government's copyright and therefore must pay damages. According to Richard Norton-Taylor, who has covered the story for *The Guardian*, the lawsuit "makes clear that the government wants the power to sue newspapers and broadcasters whenever they publish allegations about intelligence agencies without prior authority."

The target of the lawsuit is the London tabloid *Mail on Sunday*, the first to publish Shayler's revelations in August 1997. The government seeks damages based on the newspaper's profits from extra sales of the paper resulting from its Shayler coverage. Apparently the government hopes that attacking media profits with this strategy will provide a more effective means of censorship than pursuing criminal charges under the Official Secrets Act.

The government lawsuit lists nine publications and TV companies that are charged with infringing on Crown copyright by using Shayler's information. But only the *Mail on Sunday* is being sued for damages, at this point. The government has seized on this new legal strategy because the original 1997 injunctions

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against the London press forbidding them from publishing Shayler's revelations have proven unsuccessful at silencing Shayler—largely because he has published information on the Internet or outside Britain.

The implications for US media are complex. American copyright law is clear, according to Floyd Abrams, a leading First Amendment attorney, that the federal government has no copyright on its documents. "The theory of copyright protection is to encourage people to creativity by protecting their creations," he said. "It's an inducement the government does not need." If, for example, Nixon had claimed that his "enemies list" was copyrighted and that the newspapers that published it owed him damages, he wouldn't have been able to collect.

On the other hand, American media might be vulnerable to claims of copyright infringement by the British government. However, "it's unlikely an American court would support such a claim," Abrams says, "because it seems at odds with First Amendment principles. A number of courts here have refused to enforce British libel judgments for that reason. It's even less likely that this kind of copyright judgment would be enforceable."

Peter Preston, former Guardian *editor, denounced the government's actions as intended 'to deter once and future whistleblowers.'*

But assuming the British courts accept the argument that their government documents are copyrighted, Abrams says, "they would certainly have a pretty good shot at getting most countries to enforce their judgments." Thus while the French, for example, have refused to extradite Shayler for criminal prosecution, they are much more likely to enforce the civil claim that Shayler must pay damages—in this case, to the British government.

American publications distributed in Britain—like *The Nation*—could be sued by the British government for copyright violation in that country. Even if there is no distribution of a foreign publication in Britain, a US publication with a website—like thenation.com—could be sued in Britain for copyright violation on the website if authorities could find a way to serve the owners of the website with legal process. Under US law, a claim of copyright violation merits prior restraint of publication—one of the very few exceptions to the First Amendment prohibition on prior restraint.

Shayler is being defended by Liberty, the British counterpart to the ACLU, and Liberty director John Wadham. Because Britain lacks a Bill of Rights guaranteeing freedom of speech and the press, Wadham argues, Shayler is protected by Article 10 of the European Convention on Human Rights, guaranteeing freedom of expression. It will become enforceable under British law in October.

The British press has been outspoken in condemning Tony Blair's government for the latest moves against Shayler. One of the most eloquent voices has been that of Peter Preston, who was editor of *The Guardian* from 1975 to 1995 and is currently chairman of the British office of the International Press Institute. Preston denounced the legal "harassment" of the press, which he said was intended to "make other reporters and other papers put David Shayler on the spike of forgetfulness," and was intended as a "general retribution to deter once and future whistleblowers." He pointed to repressive regimes around the world that imprisoned or killed dozens of reporters last year for revealing official crimes—"And what do they say when our ambassadors or visiting delegations of protest come to call? That why, dear sir, are you so upset? That we are doing nothing that you do not do yourself."

When Shayler first claimed MI6 had planned a 1996 assassination attempt on Qaddafi, Foreign Secretary Robin Cook dismissed the claim as "pure fantasy." But the *Sunday Times* of London proclaimed Shayler vindicated in February when a website published top-secret documents showing that MI6 had advance knowledge of the attempt, in which several innocent bystanders are believed to have been killed.

Since then more revelations have surfaced about the Qaddafi assassination attempt. Shayler included the names of two MI6 officers alleged to have participated in the failed plot in a file he submitted to the government when he urged prosecution of the two. He provided the same information to *The Observer* and *The Guardian*, which reported the story without publishing the names. But the government went to court in March and got a judge to order Martin Bright of *The Observer* to hand over his notebooks along with any documents or e-mails from David Shayler about the assassination plot. Bright has refused and faces imprisonment, since in Britain journalists have no immunity from court orders to disclose their sources. "The prospect of jail really is my worst nightmare," Bright told *The Independent*. "Let's face it, I'm a middle-class journalist.... I would be lying if I said I wasn't worried about doing time." The editors of *The Guardian* were also ordered to hand over documents relating to an opinion piece of Shayler's they published.

Both newspapers are fighting the court order, and international press organizations have appealed to Tony Blair to stop the action against them. *The Guardian* has reported that Foreign Secretary Robin Cook is "furious" over this "serious attack on press freedom" by the Home Office.

Meanwhile, in February the names of the two MI6 officers were published on a US website run by Yahoo (since closed down) and in a Portuguese magazine. Then they were published in Britain—in defiance of a High Court injunction—in an article by Stephen Dorril in the journal *Free Press*, which is published by the Campaign for Press and Broadcasting Freedom. (The article is online at www.cpbf.demon.co.uk/FreePress/freepress.htm#10. Dorril is the author of the new book *MI6: Inside the Covert World of Her Majesty's Secret Intelligence Service*.)

Shayler is following in the footsteps of three former CIA agents who went public exposing agency crimes. Victor Marchetti was the first former CIA employee to attempt to publish a book about his experiences. The agency went to court and got a permanent injunction barring publication until he submitted his manuscript to the CIA for review. The court then ordered extensive deletions of what they said was classified material. Marchetti's *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence* (co-written by John Marks) was published in 1974, with white space in place of the deleted passages. A new edition published in 1980 contained some previously deleted passages.

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Philip Agee published *Inside the Company: CIA Diary* in 1975, without agency review. He had been a CIA agent who during the Vietnam War came to view US policy as wrong. His book, a sweeping exposé of agency misconduct, named names of agents. As a result of Agee's book and political activities, the United States pressured five NATO countries to expel him and eventually revoked his passport. The book was translated into nineteen languages. He went on to write a memoir of the experience, *On the Run*, published in 1987. Today Agee lives in Havana and promotes tourism from the United States at his website www.cubalinda.com.

Frank Snepp also worked for the CIA in Vietnam. In 1977 he published his book *Decent Interval*, in which he argued that we betrayed the Vietnamese who'd depended on us. The *New York Times* featured the book on its front page. Since *Decent Interval* contained no classified information, Snepp published it without CIA clearance. Nevertheless, the agency promptly sued him. The Supreme Court ruled that his failure to submit his manuscript for CIA review had "inflicted 'irreparable harm' on intelligence activities vital to our national security." The agency confiscated $200,000 in royalties, and Snepp also lost the right to publish anything in the future about the CIA without first receiving agency authorization. Last July he published an account of his case, *Irreparable Harm*—which did receive CIA clearance. He has a website at www.franksnepp.com.

The British government calls Shayler a traitor. In fact, he's a whistleblower who has exposed government abuse of power. He recently wrote in *The Observer* that he was only "standing up for the basic principles of freedom of expression, democratic accountability and freedom of information." ■

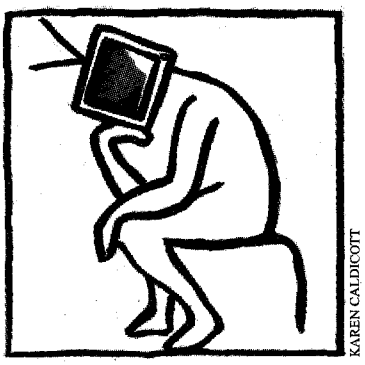
A RADICAL RETELLING OF US HISTORY HAS PROVED A TOUGH SELL IN HOLLYWOOD.

Fox Nixes Zinn Flick

DAVID CORN

Hollywood meets Howard Zinn—uh, take two.

A year ago, it appeared that Fox Television, in an eye-popping move, was on the verge of producing an ambitious series of films based on the radical historian's *A People's History of the United States*, and box office hunks Matt Damon and Ben Affleck were going to produce and perhaps star in these made-for-television movies [see Tom Gogola, "Red Fox?" April 5/12, 1999]. The incongruity of Rupert Murdoch's network bringing Zinn's left-leaning, populist history ("a history," as Zinn noted, "disrespectful of governments and respectful of people's movements of resistance") to a TV screen near you prompted amusement, if not wonder. True, Damon had plugged Zinn's opus in his hit *Good Will Hunting*. But Fox and Zinn seemed too odd a couple.



KAREN CALDICOTT

They were. Fox quietly deep-sixed the whole shebang last fall. That's not the end of the story: HBO has picked up a different version of the project. But the unhappy life of *A People's History* at Fox is a somewhat instructive, though hardly unique, tale of what happens when TV-land tries to mount something serious.

In the spring of 1998, a Hollywood agent who was a fan of Zinn's book brought it to the attention of Fox. An executive there read *A People's History* and thought it contained the stuff that movies are made of. The exec remembered the line about the book in *Good Will Hunting* and approached Damon and Affleck. They were game. (Indeed, Damon had grown up a neighbor of Zinn in Newton, Massachusetts.) Fox then hired screenwriter Jeremy Pikser, the co-writer of Warren Beatty's *Bulworth*, to compose a "bible" for a twelve-hour series—the plot lines that would become the basis for the individual scripts.

Creative differences quickly ensued. Damon, Affleck, Zinn and Pikser saw the project as an anthology of six distinct films, each one inspired by a portion of the book and penned by a different writer. Fox wanted each film to be linked with the others through generationally connected characters. (Hey, the great-great-granddaughter of the Revolutionary War soldier who was the hero in Episode 1 is now the suffragette starring in Episode 3!) The network also demanded an overarching dramatic device that tied the films to the present day. "Their idea," Pikser says, "was to have a demonstration at a black university where someone gets killed and the grieving boyfriend or girlfriend seeks out a Professor Zinn character. He then consoles the student by explaining the radical tradition. Fox thought the audience would not be interested in anything historical. They kept saying it had to be rooted in something current."

Pikser and Zinn didn't fancy the melodramatic, history-as-therapy scenario. Instead, they pitched what they referred to as the "*90210* version of *A People's History*." In this story line, a student confronts a high school teacher who has been doling out a far-too-conventional account of US history. This dust-up stirs a rebellion within the classroom and leads to an alternative telling of history. "It was flaky," Pikser concedes. But it did offer a setup that would permit the series to present a *Glory*-like film one week and a *Grapes of Wrath*–like film the next.

Fox didn't cotton to the classroom-revolution device and insisted on recurring characters, as in a miniseries. Damon, Affleck, Pikser and Zinn hated that concept. Still, Pikser went ahead and injected interlocking characters into the "bible." Fox kept asking for more of that. Toward the end of last summer, Pikser finished the master outline. "Fox made demands on Jeremy that distorted what he did," Zinn says. "They ended up with something they weren't happy with and we weren't happy with."

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The network's option on Zinn's book expired in mid-October, and Fox didn't renew. No explanation was given. "Nobody at Fox had the courtesy to call me and tell me we were not going forward," Pikser complains. "Everyone had wondered, how could Fox do such a project? Well, they couldn't." Through the grapevine, Pikser heard that one senior Fox executive, upon reviewing the project, had declared, "This isn't entertainment, it's medicine."

"You never know with Hollywood—or the corporate world," says Zinn. "People get fired and projects get eliminated without a word of explanation. You're left to guess at what happened. My guess is they got cold feet. It could be political. It could be because this was a large project involving lots of money and risk-taking with history. I wasn't surprised." Pikser believes the problem was "not that the project was too lefty but that it was too smart. It required people to engage in history. That was the real problem." One Hollywood producer who has worked with Fox says, "The network was afraid to do it, it didn't like the politics, and it wanted it to be a soap opera that follows one family, like *Roots*."

After Fox turned tail, Zinn, Damon and Affleck stayed in the hunt. (Pikser, though, was out of the picture.) With Chris Moore, the co-producer of *Good Will Hunting*, they shopped the project around and met with executives at HBO, TNT and ABC. All three networks wanted to snatch it. In February the historian and the movie stars decided on HBO, hoping the premium cable network would grant them the artistic freedom they sought. (As of the end of April, the option was still being negotiated.) The preliminary plan is less ambitious than a twelve-hour series that covers US history A-to-Zinn. Instead, the Zinn-Damon team will try for up to three two-hour movies, and HBO and the Zinn gang are now playing with several plot ideas. One movie might look at what happened to the indigenous peoples of the Western Hemisphere after Columbus "discovered" them. Another could follow a working-class mug who fights in the Revolutionary Army and, after the war, joins Shays's Rebellion. One installment may focus on a young woman who organizes the Lowell mill girls and then becomes an antislavery and feminist activist. And then there's the fugitive slave who returns to Georgia after the Civil War and becomes a state legislator but is expelled from the government after Reconstruction. "We now have a better plan that's more capable of being accomplished," Moore says.

Damon and Affleck still have not committed to appearing in the films. It depends on their movie-shooting schedules. But they have promised to use their star power to promote and publicize the movies and to recruit other big names for the project. In the past, actors Winona Ryder and Tim Robbins, director Sidney Lumet and musicians Bob Dylan and Eddie Vedder have all, as they say in Hollywood, expressed interest. Will it happen this time? Far more projects in Hollywood get shelved than get shot. But perhaps Zinn and his pals have a better fit with HBO. "The HBO guys seem open and flexible," Zinn notes.

Zinn's adventures in Hollywood have reinforced his skepticism about the corporate entertainment world. His hope all along has been merely to bring more attention to the book. What a wonderful commercial any series could be for Zinn's masterwork. Certainly, a few HBO movies will not spark the "revolt of the guards" Zinn urged in the book's last chapter. But it might cause some HBO viewers to rethink bits of history—that is, when they are not learning about the ills of unfettered capitalism while watching *The Sopranos*. ■

LETTERS
CONTINUED

(Continued From Page 2)

Movement." Regarding the recognition Stone gives to San Francisco: Time and perseverance alone cannot be credited for San Francisco's proud status of paying the highest wage and benefits in the state to In Home Supportive Services workers, as efforts to improve the IHSS program in several other California counties pre-date those in San Francisco.

A conscious decision was made by Mayor Willie Brown and the Board of Supervisors that the well-being of seniors, people with disabilities and the 6,500 home-care workers who aid them is not only important but should be considered one of the highest priorities of our society. Because of that decision, homecare consumers in San Francisco no longer face the labor shortage that still causes thousands of people throughout the state to go without care. As long as wages remain so inexcusably low (minimum wage in most counties), consumers face institutionalized care or becoming acutely ill unnecessarily.

San Francisco stepped up to the plate to prevent those scenarios, even as the State of California refused to share in the costs of wage increases or benefits. Recently, the Contra Costa County Supervisors stepped up as well, establishing California's second-highest wage rate—also without adequate state matching funds. As homecare workers unionize and form coalitions with seniors and people with disabilities, we face a hurdle: For substantial wage increases and benefits to improve the lives of care providers and consumers, the state must share those costs. In January Governor Gray Davis announced his Aging with Dignity plan, which could not be more welcome. But the proposed budget was not: By 2005, workers would be paid $8 an hour ($6.81 when adjusted for inflation). That is not a livable wage.

There should be no wage cap imposed by the state. The counties should be able to negotiate wages and benefits with workers, as they do in every other program in which the state and counties cooperate, with the state paying its established share of the costs. We hope the Governor will agree with Stone: "A right to care means...the right of paid caregivers to give humane, high-quality care without compromising their own well-being."

SAL ROSSELLI, *president*
Local 250, SEIU

Philadelphia

■ From my experience as caregiver to my husband, who has advanced multiple sclerosis: At least two things need to be incorporated into societal attitudes and politics. (1) Custodial care (that is, nonmedical things like transferring to and from a wheelchair, bathing, dressing and toileting) must be paid for by insurance, and at-home caregivers must be paid for it. (2) The right of family members *not* to be caregivers—or to discontinue or limit their caregiving. Emotional caring is not synonymous with physical caring, which can be a life-drainer. MARION COHEN

MAFIABOY PHONE HOME

Windsor, Ontario

■ Congratulations to Naomi Klein for addressing so well the hysteria around the "hacker attacks" ["My Mafiaboy," March 13]. As an expert on logos, Klein is probably familiar with the eighties phenomenon of three-letter acronyms as names for hardcore punk bands. Our local version was called DOS, which stood for whatever you wanted it to—usually something starting with "death" or "doom." How fitting that it now stands for something that truly scares those in power: Denial of Service. MARK BUCKNER

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COMMENT

(Continued From Page 7)

world, resistance seems foolish to many. They decide that the best they can do is to try to "make it"—even at the expense of so many others around the world who will never get their share. While some may take refuge from the values- and love-corroding aspects of the market by attempting to build ultranationalist or religious fundamentalist communities around a different vision, most will passively acquiesce, convinced by the pundits' rhetoric that "there is no alternative."

But there is an alternative: to change the progressive agenda from its previous focus on "inclusion" (insuring that those who have not reaped the rewards of the capitalist system get a fairer portion) to a new focus on "changing the bottom line." This strategy, which we call "a politics of meaning," aims to change the very definition of productivity and efficiency so that we see institutions as efficient or productive not only to the extent that they maximize money and power but also to the extent that they maximize people's capacities to be loving and caring, ethically and ecologically sensitive and able to respond to the world not only in terms of how we can use it but also with awe and wonder.

That's why we at *Tikkun* have developed the Social Responsibility Amendment (SRA) to the Constitution. The SRA says this: Every corporation doing business within the United States (whether located here or abroad) with annual income of more than $20 million must receive a new corporate charter every twenty years, and these new charters will be granted only to corporations that can prove a history of social responsibility as measured by an Ethical Impact Report, which will measure the company's sensitivity to the needs of the environment, the community and its employees. The Ethical Impact Report will be compiled by three different constituencies: the corporation itself, the workers (under a requirement of confidentiality) and relevant community organizations around the world that wish to present their case about the social responsibility of the corporation.

To prevent a huge and easily manipulable government bureaucracy from making these decisions, the SRA will create a new system of Social Responsibility Grand Juries composed of twenty-five citizens whose task would be to read the Ethical Impact Reports and receive oral testimony from the corporation, employees and relevant community organizations.

If an SRGJ decided the corporation should not be granted a charter renewal, it would then move to stage two: what to do with corporate resources. The SRGJ would listen to management's plan for how it would alter its behavior to become more socially responsible, and it could hear proposals from other for-profit or nonprofit groups on how they would run the same corporation with more socially responsible policies. The SRGJ would then decide either to award the corporate charter to another group, and with it the assets of the corporation in question, or to put the corporation on probation for three years.

If it gave the corporation a three-year probation, the SRGJ would reconvene three years later to determine whether the changes had in fact taken place, in which case it could restore the charter for the next seventeen years (thus making up the full twenty), or it could determine that the corporation had failed to implement significant changes and award the corporate charter to some other management group.

Grand jurors would be selected by lot from the population but balanced in order to guarantee racial, religious, spiritual, gender and economic diversity. Jurors would be paid (by a corporation's charter-renewal fee), would have subpoena power and could impose contempt citations and prison sentences upon corporate leaders for up to two years if they found that the corporate leaders were withholding vital information or otherwise attempting to disrupt or distort the evaluation process (for example, by trying to discourage testimony of workers or community groups who had negative things to say). They would be assisted in obtaining information on corporate behavior by a corps of Social Responsibility Agents, which would operate much like a public defender's office, except with funding written into the amendment and not subject to electoral shifts.

The SRA moves away from the old demonization of corporate leaders and recognizes them as another group caught in the dynamics of the capitalist market—and provides them with a way of explaining to their stockholders that the corporation must become more ecologically and socially responsible or else lose its corporate ownership, a far greater risk to them than the costs of social responsibility. And by introducing the notion of an Ethical Impact Report, the SRA challenges market notions of how to judge efficiency.

No, I don't expect that the SRA will pass our state legislatures or Congress anytime soon. Just as the Equal Rights Amendment never passed yet had a monumental impact on public discourse and understanding, the campaign for the SRA could similarly shift the dimensions of American political discussion. If liberal and progressive forces made the SRA a central item on their agenda and talked about it as the way to create "a new bottom line," we could provide people with a plausible picture of how it might be possible to live in a world in which loving and caring could have real social power.

Here's how to launch the SRA: Use the next few years to involve all sectors of society in a conversation about what should be included in the Ethical Impact Report used to judge whether a corporation is entitled to charter renewal. And popularize the notion of a "new bottom line." And if we have the courage to call the SRA a fundamental spiritual challenge to the ethos of selfishness and materialism, we might soon find that our SRA campaign is attracting sectors of the population who feel ripped off by the spiritual deadness and moral decline of our society but who have never understood the connection between the spiritual crisis and the dynamics of the market. The SRA could give people confidence that their own highest values might someday have a chance to shape social reality. The loss of that kind of hope leads people to believe there is no alternative. The re-creation of it is likely to be the first positive outcome of the SRA campaign. MICHAEL LERNER

Michael Lerner, editor of Tikkun, *a bimonthly Jewish critique of politics, culture and society, is rabbi of Beyt Tikkun synagogue in San Francisco. His new book,* Spirit Matters, *which details what law, medicine, education and economic life would look like if we adopted a "new bottom line," will be published by Hampton Roads in June.*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Days of the Condor

GREG GRANDIN

PINOCHET: The Politics of Torture.
By Hugh O'Shaughnessy.
New York University. 182 pp. $25.95.

SECRET HISTORY: The CIA's Classified Account of Its Operations in Guatemala, 1952–1954.
By Nick Cullather.
Stanford. 160 pp. Paper $14.95.

The cold war is more than ten years gone but we have yet to have a thorough reckoning of its toll on Latin America. The past decade, historians have had unprecedented access to archives in the former Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. The sensationalistic revelations came fast, reigniting debates over Alger Hiss and the Rosenbergs, Whittaker Chambers, Elizabeth Bentley, even Joseph McCarthy, the brutality of the Red Army in World War II, the purges, the famines. The scholarly revisions came a bit more slowly, but they came. Many across the American political spectrum would now agree with the 1993 judgment of historian Warren Cohen: "Despite the many failings of the United States, there was no doubt that the world, for all its misery, was a better place than it would have been without American resistance to Joseph Stalin's vision."

Yet this consensus rests on the steadfast refusal of many historians to calculate the cold war's cost in human suffering, particularly in what used to be called the Third World. Consider the recent influential book *We Now Know: Rethinking Cold War History*, by John Lewis Gaddis, a Yale historian and adviser to CNN's series *The Cold War*. Gaddis concludes that one reason the United States won the cold war was that it encountered less resistance and garnered more cooperation from its European clients than the Soviets did from theirs. "The American presence," Gaddis writes, "had a strong base of popular support, confirmed repeatedly as free elections kept the governments in power that had invited it. The Soviet presence never won such acceptance."

Two new books remind us that outside Europe, the United States was less than eager to bet its influence on free elections (witness, too, recent news stories on the role of the United States in the overthrow of Muhammed Mossadegh and installation of the Shah in Iran). Nick Cullather's *Secret History* and Hugh O'Shaughnessy's *Pinochet* recount the two episodes that best illustrate US cold war policy toward Latin America—the overthrow of Guatemalan President Jacobo Arbenz and of Chilean President Salvador Allende.

Information documenting the importance of the CIA's 1954 toppling of Arbenz has long been available, yet Gaddis glosses over its significance in his book: "The CIA's intervention did little to alter the course of events inside Guatemala," he writes. Had the agency not intervened, Arbenz "probably would not have lasted" because of internal opposition from the military and landowners. Perhaps that is even true. But the influence of the CIA and other national security agencies on Guatemala did not end in 1954.

Two books begin to detail what the film Missing *could only suggest: The cost of the CIA's cold-war-fighting in Latin America.*

Following the overthrow of Arbenz, US advisers in Guatemala rehearsed counterinsurgency tactics that would later be used throughout Latin America. Recently declassified material, for instance, reveals that US agents trained paramilitary units to carry out Latin America's first collective "disappearance." In March 1966, in a series of coordinated raids, these units captured, interrogated, tortured and killed thirty-three leftists. Their bodies were thrown from helicopters into the sea. In the decades that followed this debut, particularly in Chile, Argentina and El Salvador, security forces disappeared tens of thousands of Latin

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Americans in similar fashion. Throughout the seventies and eighties, the United States continued to fund, instruct and provide political support to the Guatemalan military, recently charged by a UN truth commission with genocide in the deaths of 200,000 Guatemalans. Just as Vietnam came to symbolize the failure of US policy, Guatemala was considered a success.

In 1992 the Director of Central Intelligence, Robert Gates, announced a new policy of openness and promised that all agency documents more than thirty years old would be reviewed for declassification. According to Cullather, in the wake of the cold war (and Oliver Stone's film *JFK*, which provoked a new round of document release) "Americans expected not only a 'peace dividend'...but a truth dividend as well." Fresh out of graduate school, Cullather took a job with the CIA's history staff. Hired to research and write internal reports of covert actions, he chose to work on Guatemala.

Secret History is the declassified and redacted product of Cullather's research. It is a fascinating play-by-play account of the CIA's most well-known secret operation. Like something out of an Umberto Eco novel, the deleted passages conceal forbidden knowledge: "Following closely on successful operations that installed the Shah as ruler of Iran [ ] the Guatemala operation, known as PBSUCCESS, was both more ambitious and more thoroughly successful than either precedent." Guess the covert action: Greece? Turkey?

What is truly extraordinary about Cullather's account is its description of the scope, ambition and hubris of the operation. From Langley to Madison Avenue, the CIA mobilized every facet of US power to oust Arbenz. Agents planned an operation in Guatemala that would be "applied on a grander scale, over a longer period, and for higher stakes than ever before." The CIA used the Organization of American States to isolate Guatemala diplomatically; worked with US businesses to create an economic crisis there; cultivated dissidents within the military, oligarchy, Catholic Church and student organizations; and funded and equipped an exile invasion force based in Honduras. The State Department threatened diplomats from other Latin American countries with the withholding of much-needed trade concessions and credit unless they yielded to US plans for Guatemala. Information released subsequent to Cullather's research has revealed that in the event its operation failed, the CIA intended to assassinate key Guatemalan government officials.

The CIA also "placed tremendous faith in the new science of advertising," Cullather writes. "Touted as the answer to underconsumption, economic recession, and social ills, advertising, many thought, could be used to cure Communism as well." Radio shows claiming to be broadcast from "deep in the jungle" by rebel forces were in fact taped in Miami and beamed into Guatemala from a neighboring country. Agents planned an "Orson Welles type 'panic broadcast'" to coincide with the invasion from Honduras. Operatives mined grifter novels such as *The Big Con* for disinformation tactics. The CIA used rumors and posters, planted stories (both in the Guatemalan and international press) and engineered death threats and sabotage to create dissension and confusion within the Arbenz government. Agents planted a cache of Soviet arms off the coast of Nicaragua. When the arms were "discovered," the story was "appropriately embroidered with allegations about Soviet submarines and Guatemalan assassination squads."

Critics of the attempt to bring Pinochet to trial are undercut: We see that there was nothing sovereign about his regime at all.

Limited by its exclusive reliance on CIA documents, *Secret History* contributes little to the debate as to whether President Eisenhower acted primarily to defend the economic interests of the United Fruit Company, which had lost land under Arbenz's agrarian reform, or to stem the growing influence of Communists in the Guatemalan government. Whatever the case, Cullather makes it clear that the CIA's objectives were not just the removal of Arbenz and his advisers but a "radical, revolutionary change in Guatemalan politics. They sought the reversal of the Revolution of 1944, the termination of land reform, and the replacement of Arbenz with a liberal, authoritarian leader. Afterwards, they foresaw a prolonged period of dictatorial rule during which the regime would depend on United States aid and arms." So much for Gaddis's assessment of the intervention's consequences.

The very notion of a CIA historian is curious, for documents declassified over the past ten years suggest that there is a direct link between historical and political repression. US analysts are rotated in and out of countries every two to three years, contributing to a convenient institutional amnesia about the histories of those countries. In Guatemala, by 1967 violence had reached such a level of intensity that analysts were forced to admit that the killing was being committed by the military. By 1971, however, a new cohort of US officials once again claimed that the army had nothing to do with death-squad activity, having, apparently, not read their predecessors' reports. Likewise, in their occasional economic and political analyses, embassy officials were often quite perceptive in their discussion of a social system founded on poverty, racism and political exclusion, and a few even went so far as to call for some kind of wealth or land redistribution. In 1962, for example, eight years after overthrowing Arbenz for trying to do exactly the same thing, the embassy staff recommended that the United States should help Guatemala "diversify agriculture, improve land use, distribution and tenure" so as to move peasants from "subsistence to commercial farming [and] provide a broader and more stable base for the economy." None of these analyses, however, mentioned the role of the United States in the preservation of such a system. (Cullather notes that the men who plotted the overthrow of Arbenz had only a "dim idea" of Guatemalan history, not unlike contemporary historians of the cold war.)

By 1973, the CIA was slightly less brazen than it had been in 1954. In helping to dislodge Chilean President Salvador Allende, the agency downplayed the cowboy tactics it had used to oust Arbenz. Instead, it acted more like a silent partner with Allende's opponents, funding and providing technical and intelligence support to the military conspiracy that led to his overthrow.

Hugh O'Shaughnessy's *Pinochet* is a lively journalistic account of the man who has come to symbolize, much to his chagrin, the hope of post–cold war justice. O'Shaughnessy undercuts the claims of critics of the recent international attempts to bring Pinochet to trial. Against those who argue that such attempts violate the principles of national sovereignty, O'Shaughnessy shows that there was nothing sovereign about his regime at all.

Once in office, Pinochet created one of the most ruthlessly efficient terror organizations in the Americas, one whose operations reached throughout Latin America, into the United States and even Europe. With little regard for national borders,

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Should Israel surrender the Golan Heights?

Almost irresistible pressure is being exerted on Israel to surrender the Golan Heights to Syria, in order to achieve peace with that country. The pressure comes, of course, from the Arab countries, but regrettably also from the European nations and even the United States – Israel's best and most steadfast friend.

What are the facts?

Indispensable for Israel's defense. The Golan, a plateau approximately the size of the borough of Queens in New York, has, since biblical times, been a part of Palestine. It was (in a great-power play) ceded by Britain to the French mandate, following World War I. When the French in 1941 granted Syria independence, the Golan became part of that country. It is not, as the Syrians like to claim, "holy Arab territory", of which not an inch can ever be ceded.

Since the creation of the State of Israel in 1948, the Syrians shelled the settlements of northern Israel almost daily and made life there intolerable. In the War of 1967 (the "Six-Day War"), the Syrians treacherously attacked Israel through the Golan and almost succeeded in defeating it. It would have been the end of the Jewish state. Miraculously, Israel was able to repel the aggressors and to occupy the Golan Heights. The Golan has since then been integrated politically and in every other respect into the State of Israel. What used to be a wilderness has become, under Israeli administration, a successful province, with prospering cities and flourishing agriculture. But most important of all: The Golan is totally indispensable for the defense of Israel.

That makes it incomprehensible why our President, who, like the American people, is interested in the survival of Israel, presses that country to relinquish the Golan. Without the Golan, and with the Golan in the hands of those whose death wish for Israel has never been abandoned, Israel would be indefensible.

Never in the history of the world has a defeated aggressor successfully insisted that territories lost during its aggression be returned to it before being willing to make peace with the victor. Germany does not ask France to return Alsace-Lorraine, nor Poland to return the large chunks of eastern Germany that were allotted to it at the end of World War II. Why then the insistence that tiny Israel deprive itself of an area that is totally vital to its survival?

Unprecedented though it would be, an agreement with Syria about the Golan would be possible and acceptable to Israel if it would bring about *real* peace with Syria. But that is not in the cards. The hatred against Israel is so deep-seated that it would take progressive leaders and at least a generation or two to overcome it. Syrian newspapers and broadcasts are filled with venom and unending hatred against Israel. Schoolchildren, beginning with the earliest grades, are filled with poisonous invective against the "Nazi-Zionist entity". The official government line is that the Arabs (under Syrian leadership) must mass their resources to "liberate all occupied Arab land". And that, of course, is a code word for Israel. Israel must be eliminated.

> "There is a way to make peace with Syria: Israel would return sovereignty of the Golan to Syria, but would lease the territory from it for an agreed-upon period. That is what the British did in Hong Kong and what we are doing in Guantanamo."

Syrian "chutzpah". The gall, the "chutzpah" of the Syrians is almost beyond belief. Syria is a third-rate country, with a bankrupt economy, and – having lost the support of the Soviet Union – a second-rate military power. Still, in their dealings with Israel, they act as though they were victors and in a position of great strength. While Mr. Barak, the Prime Minister of Israel, appears to jump through hoops to "negotiate" with the Syrians, Syria's top man – the dictator, Hafez Assad – cannot be bothered to attend any meetings. He sends his number-two man, who is instructed not to shake hands with the hated Israelis and not to enter any discussions unless the Israelis agree beforehand to every demand the Syrians have to make. It is sad that the Israelis, being in a position of total strength, would consider such humiliating conditions.

In case any agreement on the governmental level were reached that Israel should return the Golan to Syria, such agreement would still be subject to a plebiscite of the Israeli electorate. Such approval should be by a super-majority – namely by a majority of all eligible voters, and not just by a majority of those voting. We in the United States are well acquainted with super-majorities for matters of great consequence, such as amending the Constitution. Could Israel be expected to divest itself of part of its country and of a vital strategic asset by just one vote?

There is a way to make peace with Syria: Israel would return sovereignty of the Golan to Syria, but would lease the territory from it for an agreed-upon period – 25 or 50 years. That is what the British did in Hong Kong and what we are doing in Guantanamo, Cuba. It seems to work out well, even for nations that (as between Cuba and us) are hostile to each other. During such time, one would hope that public opinion in Syria and in the other Arab countries had matured sufficiently for Israel to be able to afford relinquishing this strategic asset. For Syria to agree to such a settlement would be a positive step toward peace – proof of their good intentions. But, regrettably, the acceptance by Syria of such a solution is unlikely.

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Pinochet's henchmen hunted down and executed potential enemies. The murder of Orlando Letelier, killed by a car bomb in Dupont Circle in Washington in 1976, is famous. Less remembered are the cases of Carlos Prats and Bernardo Leighton. Pinochet had Prats and his wife, Sofia, executed in Buenos Aires in 1974. Leighton survived an attack on his life in Rome in 1975 but, gravely injured, withdrew from politics. With these three opponents out of the way, O'Shaughnessy writes, "the idea of a centre-left alliance against Pinochet shriveled." Likewise, Pinochet led the organization of Operation Condor, an intelligence consortium made up of the security forces of the Southern Cone countries responsible for the death and disappearance of thousands.

Pinochet is a rushed biography, timed to tap into the media attention surrounding its subject's recent detention in England. While it is a useful overview, it does not explain Pinochet's transformation from a somewhat mediocre and apolitical career officer into the merciless leader of South America's anticommunist crusade. He remains a cipher.

Nor does O'Shaughnessy's book include recently declassified information. In response to the Spanish investigation and demands by the families of victims, President Clinton last year instructed relevant agencies to release documents related to the case. We now have new knowledge of many of the events described by O'Shaughnessy—Operation Condor, the role of US officials in the execution of Charles Horman (the subject of the film *Missing*). What we need is an even more detailed picture, especially of continued US support.

"Historians of the Cold War," Gaddis writes in *We Now Know*, "need to look quite carefully at what those who *saw* distinctions between good and evil *thought and did* about them." He makes this argument not only to render a moral judgment on the conflict but to understand the outcome of the cold war: The resistance of common men and women played a fundamental role in undermining the Soviet empire. To illustrate his point, Gaddis writes that the large number of German women raped by Soviet soldiers in the closing days of the Second World War derailed Stalin's effort to establish a legitimate regime in East Germany.

It is a valuable insight, but Gaddis does not apply it equally to the victims of US foreign policy. The scant attention he gives to non-European countries suggests it is unlikely that he would evaluate the experiences of Guatemalans, Argentines or Chileans with the same concern he displays toward Europeans. Nor does he take seriously the motivation behind resistance to the United States. Consider his condescending description of Arbenz: His "attraction to Moscow resembled that of a moth for a distant star.... He read extensively on the Soviet Union and learned a few simple things.... The Guatemalan president, in short, was Don Quixote, with Moscow the alluring and incorruptible Dulcinea."

The point is not that there is an unexpected bias in the triumphal historiography of Western scholars, or that there is some kind of moral equivalency between the actions of the United States and the USSR. Instead, it is that a complete history of the cold war needs to incorporate the hopes, aspirations and judgments of all the people it affected, no matter on which side of the conflict they fell.

Any reckoning of the cold war, either historical or moral, needs wider access to documents revealing what the United States did in order to remain "in power" in Latin America. The information that has thus far been declassified is only a fraction of what remains off-limits to historians. Yet such access is not likely to come soon. Until that happens, any historian would be well advised to title a history of the cold war *What We Still Don't Know*, and not rush to judgment about the virtue of US foreign policy.

Cullather writes that shortly after he finished his research, the CIA's brief flirtation with openness ended. While other agencies have been slightly more cooperative in releasing some of their files, the CIA has stonewalled. As its current director, George Tenet, put it during his Senate confirmation hearings: "I would turn our gaze from the past.... It is dangerous, frankly, to keep looking over our shoulders." ■

Kafka's Identity Politics

PAUL REITTER

PRAGUE TERRITORIES: National Conflict and Cultural Innovation in Franz Kafka's Fin de Siècle. By Scott Spector. California. 331 pp. $45.

THE 'JEWISH QUESTION' IN GERMAN LITERATURE, 1749–1939: Emancipation and Its Discontents. By Ritchie Robertson. Oxford. 534 pp. $99.

Most Jews who began writing in German wanted to get away from Judaism... but their hind legs were still stuck to the Jewishness of their fathers, and with their front legs they could find no new ground. Their despair over this was their inspiration. —*Franz Kafka*

In 1949 Germany celebrated Goethe's 200th birthday. Still picking their way out of the material and psychological rubble left by the war, Germanists in the fledgling Federal Republic used the occasion to try to construct a positive cultural identity. They praised Goethe the life-affirming humanist, suggesting that at the center of real German culture we find, paradoxically, a bighearted cosmopolitanism. Goethe also became a kind of escape route out of so much ugliness and into a realm of beautiful neoclassical forms. For, with only a few exceptions, German mandarins, including several ex-Nazis, claimed that the proper way to access Goethe's humanizing effect was to cultivate a rigorous appreciation for his lyrical genius. Pursuing references to politics and history would only deflect attention from what was really important: the poetic text. Germanists in the United States held to a similar formalism. Worried about the political contamination of their field, they found a powerful ally in the Anglo-American method of retreating from a shattered reality and into closed forms, New Criticism. This they used as a justification for focusing on the measured tones of Weimar classicism and for bracketing what had taken place just outside Weimar, in the Buchenwald concentration camp.

Things soon changed. With his famous dictum, "To write lyric poetry after Auschwitz is barbaric," Theodor Adorno played herald to an era in which it would eventually become difficult to read German poetry without considering its relation to the Holocaust. Some Goethe scholars may still cling to the hagiography of the late forties and early fifties, but the mainstream has been

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rushing past them. Last year, on his 250th birthday, Goethe was often on trial. At commemorative conferences and in countless public discussions both here and in Germany, the central question was the "Jewish Question." What should we make of the great humanist's not-always-so-humane utterances about, and representations of, German Jews?

Indeed, today, in the era of cultural studies, the questions that Germanists ask most avidly may well be: How has modern German literature participated in the fateful construction of German-Jewish identity? And how, in turn, has the enduring crisis of German-Jewish identity figured in the development of modern German literature? Two new books add breadth and depth to these discussions: Ritchie Robertson's *The 'Jewish Question' in German Literature, 1749–1939* and Scott Spector's *Prague Territories*. Robertson surveys the tradition, pointing out meaningful patterns and counterintuitive moments. Spector penetrates deeply into the works of the German-speaking Jews of the "Prague circle," shedding light on the intricate particularity of the link between writing and cultural identity in Kafka's context. Moving with impressive dexterity between micro and macro levels of analysis, Spector also finds in this setting general theoretical reasons for studying the Jewish Question in German literature at our own turn of the century.

Robertson comes out of his corner swinging. In the book's long first section on the German Enlightenment he argues that G.E. Lessing's play *Nathan the Wise*, which is generally regarded as a shining moment of eloquent tolerance in the dark history of German-Jewish relations, has an exclusionary subtext. Kant gets similar treatment. So does Goethe, whose anti-Semitic utterances are catalogued in detail, as are the anti-Semitic stereotypes he invokes in his works. It would be unfair, however, to portray Robertson as a muckraking polemicist. His readings are balanced—that is, he conscientiously brings both progressive and problematic attitudes to light. Furthermore, Robertson does not only go after German cultural monuments. He subjects German-Jewish writers to the same scrutiny, and this may be where his most substantial achievement lies.

After working over Lessing, Robertson, who is a reader in German studies at Oxford, develops a critical analysis of the German-Jewish philosopher Moses Mendelssohn. Like his friend Lessing, Mendelssohn is often viewed as the embodiment of an ideal: He achieved a high level of cultural integration, engaging Kant, among others, in conversation, without giving up his Jewishness. But Robertson contends that Mendelssohn did internalize anti-Semitic stereotypes—such as the idea that the Yiddish-inflected German spoken by many Jews was an abject ghetto language—even as he effectively debunked other prejudices. And under the headings "Liberalism," "Antisemitism," "Assimilation" and "Dissimilation," Robertson proceeds to locate this kind of multivalence in a long list of German-Jewish writers. Significantly enough, many of them, for example Else Lasker-Schüler, Kafka, Arthur Schnitzler, Walter Benjamin and Elias Canetti, are seldom associated with Jewish self-hatred, and are instead held up as models of courageous and subtle self-awareness. Here Robertson's book is enlightening. He does not suggest that we abandon the perceptions we had of these writers completely; his claim is that their cases are more complex than we have, to this point, thought. If we go through their letters, diaries and obscure works thoroughly, we will generally find poignantly contradictory claims about German-Jewish identity.

Was it the sense of cultural suspension that led to Kafka's probing melancholy—'There is plenty of hope, just not for us'?

Yet Robertson's goal is not simply to draw our attention to neglected material. He wants, rather, to explain how this material emerged out of, and contributed to, the cultural process of German-Jewish identity formation. And here Robertson's book loses force. His appropriation of what might be loosely called cultural theory is singularly uninspired: "Here we encounter the central problem of present-day identity politics. I want an identity: I want to be able to identify myself with a larger group outside myself; I want to associate my fleeting unstable self with something at least relatively fixed. But culture is not fixed; it is continually reinvented, as we know from the plethora of books with 'Invention' or 'Inventing' in their titles." We can only hope that this last line is meant to be a joke. Since Robertson neither articulates a coherent theoretical position of his own nor engages with the works on identity that he obliquely refers to here, it is difficult to tell. He simply covers pages with commonplaces about how minority cultures often attempt to gain acceptance by conforming to the standards of the dominant culture. When he attempts to do more—by using Sander Gilman's influential theory of Jewish self-hatred to interpret the anti-Semitism of writers who also proudly identified with Jewish culture—Robertson does himself a disservice. Gilman's theory has explanatory power where self-hatred is a thoroughgoing psychological affliction; where it is occasional, and even ironic, a different approach is in order. Robertson even suggests as much—but then proves unable to act on his own advice.

The space left open by the absence of a theoretical framework for identity-building is filled up instead with moralizing. Indeed, Robertson perfunctorily upbraids every German-Jewish writer who did not manage to anticipate the multiculturalism of the 1990s. Neither does he delve beneath the surface to locate literary responses to the Jewish Question where they are not immediately manifest. He even fails to do this with the Viennese Modernists, his own area of expertise: Schnitzler is criticized for having cynically portrayed Jews as incapable of profound artistic expression in *The Road into the Open*, when in fact the aesthetic intensity of his novel belies these representations. Like Kafka, Schnitzler might have sometimes regarded German Jews as linguistically effete. However, and perhaps for this reason (despair may have been their inspiration, to paraphrase Kafka), their books tell a different story, at least on the level of form. Robertson does not get to this level. He avoids what could have been a deep reading of the significance of the Jewish Question for German literature and, by extension, the significance of German literature for the Jewish Question. But his lucidly written book does offer an excellent survey of relevant sources, and it will be a very useful guide for those interested in the subject.

Prague Territories excels in precisely the area where Robertson disappoints: the politics of form. And unlike many students of German-Jewish culture, Spector, who teaches history and German studies at the University of Michigan, pays close attention to regional differences. His argument, in fact, is that Prague was different, even "extraordinary," and that its extraordinary difference has to do with the political significance of cultural forms.

According to Spector, in turn-of-the-century Prague, cultural forms were caught up in an unusually dense web of identity politics, as the German minority invoked its major culture—the "universalist" ideal

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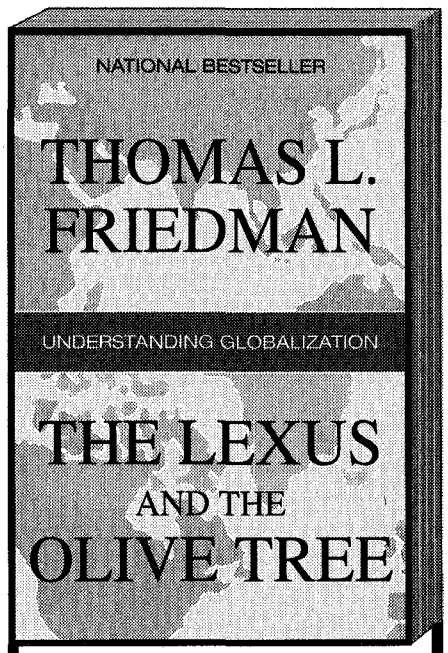

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of a German cultural mission—to support its claims to political domination over an increasingly assertive Czech majority. German-speaking Jews in Prague found themselves in a strange and tenuous situation: They were a minority within a majority culture that was sustained by a minority! This is the context in which something like Kafka's literary creativity became possible, Spector contends. "These layers of identity trapped the young Prague German-speaking Jews between identities inside and outside the power structure, so that an analysis of their literary products as representations of 'minority culture' is itself problematic. I will argue that it is in the uniquely charged space *between* identities—social identities, but also national, spiritual and political identities—that the creative moment of the Prague circle takes place." The formal innovativeness of the Prague circle (Kafka, Max Brod, Egon Kisch, Felix Weltsch, Hugo Bergmann and Franz Werfel) emerges from, and responds to, a "uniquely charged" crisis of cultural identity.

Kafka, Spector points out, insistently figured language as a kind of cultural "territory" (*Besitz*), which strongly suggests that, for him, writing was thoroughly politicized. Thus Spector rebuts one of the most influential readings of *fin de siècle* Central European cultural efflorescence (according to which the rapid growth in the arts was made possible through a turning away from politics by the heirs to a flagging post-1848 bourgeois liberal tradition—on the part, that is, of young men like Kafka and the other Prague circle members).

But Spector does not try to frame the art of the Prague circle as a calculated political subversion. Hence his claim that the idea of a "deterritorializing minority culture," a culture that strategically displaces the major culture from within by reconfiguring its elements (for example, by mixing high and low cultural forms, as Kafka often did; consider the pathos of his talking animals), does not quite apply here. Refining another famous interpretation of artistic creativity in *fin de siècle* Central Europe, Spector argues that Kafka's relation to art can be viewed also as an inheritance of German cultural nationalism.

Kafka may have found that culture to be largely vacuous. However, his desire for some kind of redemptive cultural unity, and his use of culture as a vehicle for self-definition, are rooted in very particular appropriations of the German culture with which he grew up. Kafka wound up creating a rich "minor literature" only because the unproblematic "linguistic existence" with which he identified—Yiddish—and after which he strove, proved to be impossible. "The Prague circle writers opened their eyes to see themselves precariously suspended between territories, with no firm ground beneath their feet, and grasped at the air." Hence the pervasive, probing melancholy in Kafka's writing, and its famous ontological absurdities: "There is plenty of hope, just not for us." The provocative implication is that Kafka's singularly critical works, his de facto minority literature, depended on a futile search for something like a nineteenth-century "universalist" majority culture, a culture with a comfortable, provincial belief in its superiority. It's just that Kafka's search took him ever farther away from bourgeois sanctimony and into the straining heart of modernism.

Spector shows us, then, that when Kafka spoke of German Jews as caught between identities, and of "their despair over this" as "their inspiration," he was actually speaking about German Jews in Prague. For it was in Prague that the points of identification were sufficiently sticky to produce such despair and, concomitantly, such inspiration. The irony here is that Spector's detailed analysis of a relatively small local culture yields greater general theoretical relevance than most broad surveys. He takes us through the "extraordinary" moment of *fin de siècle* Prague, in which various identity crises—Jewish, German, Czech, gender, aesthetic, political—converged in the field of culture, provoking new kinds of art, among which there were often sharp dissonances. (The "cultural production" of the Prague circle members was, he emphasizes, exceedingly diverse: Werfel's postliberal humanist expressionism versus Brod's eroticized Judaism versus Bergmann's maverick Zionism versus Kafka's minor literature.) In doing so, Spector impresses upon us that tracking the Jewish Question in German literature reveals, among other things, just how complex the relation of art and construction of cultural identity can be. And he leaves us with a formidable challenge: to situate the Jewish Question within the context of other crises of identity. This is a very valuable service, a compelling call to self-awareness at a time in which, as Robertson notes, studies on the invention of identity are coming at us in dizzying numbers.

Prague Territories is not without its bumpy spots. I tripped over a few of Spector's straw men: for example, where he tries to make a case for studying the politics of art by asserting, "At our own fin de siècle,

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the claim of a political operation of art is apparently untenable." One wonders what Hans Haacke would make of that idea. More jarring, Spector comes very close to arguing that the Prague circle members "decentered" a "hegemonic" majority culture with unparalleled effectiveness, which would amount to locating the center of progressive modernist cultural decentering in turn-of-the-century Prague. And, in fact, Spector frequently contends that the Prague circle members were "in a privileged position vis-a-vis a set of issues at the center of the Modern." When coupled with statements like "with a Praguer's eye Kafka spies upon the writers of his generation, commenting as an outsider," such claims, unfortunately, give the book a slightly programmatic feel. But for the most part, Spector channels his passion wisely. Working in between historical and formal literary analysis with great skill, he has produced a major contribution not just to German and German-Jewish studies but to the question of literature and formation of identity for us all. ■

MUSIC

Electric Synthesizer

GENE SANTORO

HERBIE HANCOCK

It was 1951, and the 11-year-old piano prodigy was onstage with the Chicago Symphony, performing a Mozart concerto for his debut. That would have been unusual enough. But on top of it, the youngster was black, in an era when virtually all American symphony orchestras were lily-white and, unthinkingly or not, determined to stay that way.

Welcome to the life of Herbie Hancock. Musically speaking, it seems to have started far, far away from the sound we call funk—especially since funk, when Hancock was a boy, was a down-home word polite folks listening to Mozart certainly didn't utter: It meant the pungent smell of sex.

But Hancock went on to show that his talent wasn't limited to his gifted fingers—though there are few greater or more versatile keyboard players, from grand piano to Macintosh computer. No, he is also a cultural synthesizer, a reimaginer, a visionary artist whose ears have been able to pluck fascinating sounds, the sounds needed or useful as grist to his creative mill, regardless of their pedigree. Funky, after all, was not a word young Herbie Hancock would have used to describe nice people or places. It was suggestive, lewd, laid-back, down-home. It was for roadhouses and the back seats of cars, not symphony halls. It was usually pronounced *fonky*, with a blue-collar, ex-slave Southern drawl.

Critics today routinely tack phrases like "genre-busting" onto every nitwit who manages to staple bits of one musical genre to another, as if that in itself were revolutionary or meaningful. But Herbie Hancock keeps doing what the best musicians have always done—pursuing his art, using whatever works to get where he wants to go creatively. "Genre-busting" and other pseudo-ideas are irrelevant to that process, where the focus is on realizing an artistic vision through any means necessary, not simply to violate rules for the momentary cheap thrill of imagined or real cultural transgression. Thus have the products of Hancock's synthesizing mind over nearly four decades given us glimpse after glimpse into some of the undertows, paradoxes and triumphs of American culture. Since Hancock's eighties techno landmarks *Future Shock*, *Sound System* and *Perfect Machine* (all Columbia/Legacy) have recently been reissued, it's time to look back over his career.

From its earliest days in New Orleans, where it was born of European and African stock, jazz has always been about synthesis, about fusion. And yet this mongrel cultural art form has been periodically swept by waves of purists, who demand that its artists stop the clock, so to speak, freezing jazz (or, more accurately, their prescriptions for jazz) in some alleged moment of purity. That happened in the forties, when Dixieland rose like a phoenix to oppose bebop, which no less a figure than Louis Armstrong dubbed "Chinese music." It happened again in the sixties, when Miles Davis was on point for the new mixes of popular music, like rock and funk, with jazz, and won new and younger audiences, to the derision of the jazz crowd. It happened yet again in the eighties, when Wynton Marsalis attacked anyone who dared to dabble in jazz that wasn't based on his notions of blues and swing. "Anyone" included his brother Branford and Herbie Hancock, who'd given the young trumpeter early exposure.

From either a historical or creative viewpoint, that sort of demand is both foolish and impossible. Time doesn't stop. Culture shrivels if it stalls. No surprise, then, that the most durably significant jazz artists have never succumbed to the temptation to cry "Halt." What Hancock sought to do from early in his career was to reconcile and revivify the many musical styles he knew. In the process of doing that creatively, he helped open jazz up to new, pop-music-inspired ideas and structures. And vice versa: He interpolated jazz improvisation and sophistication into earthy, seemingly basic pop formats. And so his internal creative dialogues yielded music that could, as a byproduct, provoke a frank discussion of the racial and class-based interrelationships underlying American culture.

This achievement wasn't a foregone conclusion in the late fifties, when Hancock was a young, self-described "jazz snob" who listened devotedly to Gil Evans, Bill Evans and classical music and ignored most contemporary pop. There was nothing inevitable about his transformation and development, although his personal background—middle-class and educated, yet marginalized in key ways because of his color—put him in a special, even privileged position to decipher the enigmas of American culture.

That position is an almost Hegelian compound of power and pain. At the turn of the century W.E.B. Du Bois described it, in a racial revisiting of the master-slave encounter in Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit*, as "double consciousness." Du Bois meant that African-Americans were inevitably alienated, stood both inside and outside mainstream American culture and its norms, prescriptions, hopes and dreams. Such alienation, Du Bois pointed out, could cripple black Americans by forcing them to internalize mainstream cultural values that held them to be less than human, but it could also liberate the brightest among

Nation *music critic Gene Santoro is author of* Myself When I Am Real: The Life and Music of Charles Mingus *(forthcoming from Oxford).*

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them. The "Talented Tenth," as he called this group, could act on its perceptions of the contradictions between the high ideals grounding basic American cultural myths ("All men are created equal" in the Declaration of Independence, for example) and gritty daily reality, where blacks were not exactly welcomed into concert halls, schools, restaurants or the front of buses.

So, time and experience, the interactions of American history with his own history, and artistic curiosity led Hancock away from notions of aesthetic purity, beginning, however obliquely, with the day he joined the Chicago Symphony onstage. He worked closely with Miles Davis, Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter and Tony Williams in a legendary sixties band that unraveled and rewove the threads of jazz. While playing with Miles, he discovered the Beatles, Cream, Sly and the Family Stone, Jimi Hendrix and African music. His music began to host a no-holds-barred discussion of how the manifold branches of African-American-originated sounds—indeed, *any* sounds—could creatively interact. That lively and inexhaustible topic, at the heart of much American postwar culture, is still Hancock's creative focus. Witness his most recent recording, *Gershwin's World* (Verve), in which he deftly puts the composer, whose debt to black American music was at least as enormous as black American music's debt to him, in the context of Scott Joplin, Duke Ellington and the rest of the web of influences that made Gershwin possible, and quite possibly necessary.

Let's put it this way: Imagine a world without Herbie Hancock, especially without his most pivotal albums, like *Takin' Off*, *Headhunters* and *Future Shock*, and you've got to reimagine how funky jazz, early fusion and an awful lot of contemporary funk, electronica, acid-jazz and hip-hop jazz would have turned out.

Or to put it another way: Despite fashionable intellectual trends, individuals can and do change the course of history. They work within contexts, naturally. No man is an island, even if he is a cultural catalyst. Evolution shows many examples of parallel development, in which key adaptations arise in several places at roughly the same time, to allow for a better chance of survival. The rise of funk with James Brown, Sly and the Family Stone, Fela Kuti and Miles Davis created a context for Hancock, a set of languages he could learn, intermingle, retranslate and reformulate, finding a voice of his own in how he did that. That is his genius. And it's why, for nearly forty years, Herbie Hancock has been making things that didn't exist before.

Hancock was born into a musical family. He describes his father as "a bathtub singer" and his mother as a gifted amateur piano player. The Hancocks recognized their son's musical potential early, starting him on classical piano training when he was 7. He got a degree in musical composition from respected Grinnell College. And even after he'd become a star, he continued his studies at the Manhattan School of Music.

Perhaps the most significant trend in contemporary jazz is the rediscovery of Hancock's funky kind of fusion, drawing audiences in.

Hancock has never stopped being a student, though, perpetually looking for yet another learning experience in a lifetime already crammed to bursting with them. Here's an example. A few years ago, I was at the Montreal Jazz Festival when Hancock was a headliner there. He delivered a terrific jazz set and then bypassed the mainstream-jazz jam session the promoters had set up in the lobby of the hotel where musicians and press types were quartered. Instead, Hancock hit the town and found a couple of tiny acid-jazz and hip-hop clubs. He listened, then sat in. I dare you to name any other jazz musician of his stature and age who'd be doing *that*. Then I dare you to name any other jazz musician of his stature and age who'd have good enough chops with funk rhythms and pop-music concepts to be *able* to do it. And do it without condescending, as if peering down from high art to low.

Sonny Rollins once said to me, "Jazz isn't a thing. It's what you do. The material is what you make of it. It can come from anywhere." That openness is why Rollins and his peers in the fifties and sixties could explore so many interconnections between jazz and other styles with such richly enduring results. Similarly, part of why Hancock albums like *Headhunters*, *Future Shock* and *The New Standard* are so impressive artistically, and so important historically, is that they offer the listener a chance to overhear ongoing dialogues between cultural formats from funk to classical to jazz, to witness their histories entwine. It's a vision of hope, of inclusiveness.

When *The New Standard* came out in 1996, Hancock asked me pointedly, "What was the pop music of the twenties and thirties? It was called jazz. Frank Sinatra was a jazz singer, according to the ads. The schism between pop and jazz came in the forties, with bebop. So the material of those older songs by Irving Berlin and Cole Porter and George Gershwin was easier to bring into jazz, and still is.

"Rock and roll started as a branch off jazz roots, but it moved pretty far away. The harmonic content, generally speaking, wasn't as rich as that of the older pop tunes, which were closer to the same roots as jazz. Groups like the Beatles started the self-contained model of songwriting and performing. Nowadays, it's not the song itself as much as the singer, the sound. That's why there aren't that many cover tunes any more in pop. Exactly the same thing happened in jazz. We used to have a lot of jam sessions and play pop tunes. We used to cover each other's songs more than we do now.

"So for this record, I said, 'OK, let me see if I can take contemporary pop tunes and reconstruct them so that they sound like they were originally written to be jazz tunes, something more provocative for improvisation.' And then I decided I wanted to take tunes that would make people say, 'Nope, there's no way to do a jazz version of this.'"

That appealing mix of artistic daring and populism underlies the best of Hancock's syncretic music, from "Watermelon Man" on. It's not mere historical coincidence that younger jazz artists, from Cassandra Wilson to Charlie Hunter, from James Carter to Regina Carter to Leon Parker to Medeski Martin & Wood, now tread similar paths as they reforge connections between jazz and contemporary pop. In fact, you could easily argue that the dialogues Herbie Hancock has created between pop music, especially funk, and jazz on albums like *Headhunters* and *Future Shock* have shaped the younger musicians who've emerged over the past few years, as they look to stir jazzy solos with rock and hip-hop atmospherics and contemporary dance rhythms.

Hancock started learning about ways to reach audiences right after he arrived in New York. The story goes that thirty-seven years ago he was at a jam session in a Bronx club. Hancock found some grooves and came up with snatches of melody, and *voilà*! Edited and refined, that became "Watermelon Man," recorded for his debut album, *Takin' Off* (Blue Note). The tune combined the loping, Latin-inflected rhythms popular in soul music with a catchy, languid, yet sharp-creased and deceptively simple-sounding melody and rich, improvised solos. It became an instant classic. Latin master percussionist

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Mongo Santamaria's version of it zoomed to the top of the pop charts—the first chart-topping single from Hancock's pen. Hundreds of musicians have covered it since.

At the time, Hancock said, "I remember the cry of the watermelon man making the rounds through the back streets and alleys of Chicago. The wheels of his wagon beat out the rhythm on the cobblestones." That quote is telling. Music, for Hancock, is fundamentally about experience. He's always looking to push the artistic envelope, but he wants his audience involved. He doesn't just want them to appreciate his music abstractly, as art.

In the liner notes for his classic 1969 album *The Prisoner*, he wrote, "I am trying to write hummable tunes with a kind of rhythmic element people can be infected with. It's an extension of the concept of simple melody and rhythm related to a more advanced harmony. It's like a huge door with a lot of little doors to the outside public, and I'm trying different doors." In 1969 Hancock's former boss Miles Davis was already coming under fierce attack for helping to launch jazz fusion. Jazz purists were disgusted that anyone would leave bebop behind for concepts coming from pop music. They overlooked the fact that Charlie Parker loved the schmaltzy Guy Lombardo Orchestra, that his favorite alto player was Jimmy Dorsey. They apparently forgot that Duke Ellington wrote hit dance tunes as well as "serious" works. They saw jazz as high art to be observed and enjoyed by the learned insiders, in the European courtly tradition. They chose to ignore the implications of jazz's African and American folk roots, where the distance between artist and audience was smaller and more interactive than in European high-art culture. Hence Hancock's slightly defensive tone about reaching "to the outside public."

Context matters. The tumultuous sixties, when he was working with Miles Davis's great quintet, turned Hancock around from jazz snob and back toward an eclectic curiosity driven by his panoramic musical interests. "The times," Bob Dylan wrote, "they are a-changing." In many ways, the decade was the culmination of the rich postwar outpouring, a cultural renaissance of painting and writing and music that gradually changed a repressed society into one ripe for mass creative experimentation.

Beats like Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg and William Burroughs, New York School painters like Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning and Franz Kline, and jazz musicians like Charles Mingus, Miles Davis, Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane tapped into the same molten core of postwar energy that drove America's expanding economy, military might and space exploration. And they rewrote the established rules as they did it. Mingus reimported slave spirituals and work songs into jazz, and drew as well on Stravinsky, Debussy, Ravel and Strauss. Rollins introduced West Indian rhythms, like calypsos. Coltrane stacked implied harmonies on top of simpler tunes with the audacity of a brilliant air-traffic controller overseeing rush hour at La Guardia Airport.

Miles Davis, part of it all, registered it like a cultural seismograph and shared it with his sidemen. A painter as well as classical music fan, he was floored by the sounds emerging from black America during the sixties. He adored the airborne, Doppler-shifted sounds of Jimi Hendrix's guitar and plotted to record with him—an encounter that sadly never came to be. "Why," Davis once asked me, "would anybody expect me to play bebop *now*? That was then. Charlie Parker was about what was happening then. My music has to be about what's happening *now*. Why go back and repeat yourself?"

Sly Stone catalyzed Davis. Funk's modal structure gave Davis a way to redeploy the methodology he'd developed since 1959's *Kind of Blue* (Columbia/Legacy): Find the right creative mix of musicians, give them musical sketches and work as an enabler, challenging them to fill in his outlines. Hancock watched and learned. "Miles used to change my tunes, Ron Carter's tunes, Tony Williams's tunes," Hancock told me. "He would take what we had, boil it down to the bare bones and put it back together—still just bare bones, because the band put the meat on it every night."

Funk brought back into jazz an element that had been downgraded by bebop purists—popular reaction, audience participation. Funk's rhythmic insistence was irresistible. That made it approachable, accessible to anyone. Perhaps predictably, that made it distasteful to those who wanted to model jazz after European high art.

"Inside jazz," Hancock maintains, "there's been a backlash against fusion, against a lot of pop music. A lot of the young lions like Wynton Marsalis steer away from the pop side of things. But to restrict yourself to studying the past, even if it's Ellington, isn't the spirit of jazz. It's my understanding that jazz has always been very open, that it's always borrowed from different musical genres and contributed to the shaping of other genres too. Take that away, and you won't have anything I want to hear. It may be jazz, but it ain't gonna feel good.

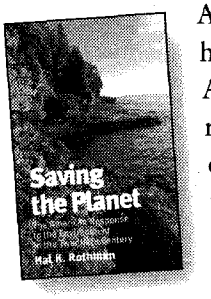
CHRISTOPHER CLAUSEN

Faded Mosaic

We are not a multicultural society, Mr. Clausen argues, but the world's first post–cultural society —with enormous implications for every area of American life. "Clausen argues his case with refreshing originality and unusual insight. His thoughtful essay should be read by all social scientists still using the concept of culture, and by all the public and politicians who still think they are talking about something real when they use it."—Robin Fox.

HAL K. ROTHMAN

Saving the Planet



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"So a lot of jazz people still hate fusion, but they forget that there were several kinds of fusion back then. One was jazz-rock fusion—very notey. Lots of notes being played. Modal solos. A lot of grandstanding. Me, I took the funk side."

Perhaps the most significant trend for contemporary jazz is the rediscovery of Hancock's funky kind of fusion, the kind that didn't lionize noodling soloists, that kept the structures tight and focused on the funky polyrhythms, the dialogic interactions, drawing audiences in and letting them find their own levels within it.

When Miles Davis was teaching Hancock to boil down his jazz tunes, James Brown and Sly Stone were boiling soul music down to its bones, its more African foundations, the insistently roiling polyrhythms and feverish call-and-response formats that mesmerized listeners and hauled people up onto dance floors. When Miles released *On the Corner* (Columbia/Legacy) in 1972, a powerfully compressed album of tonal colors and funky rhythmic displacements, jazz fans everywhere detested it—and detested Davis for making it. Uncharacteristically, he retreated into guitar-driven fusion thereafter.

But *Headhunters*, Hancock's matchless 1973 record, extends that facet of Davis's influence into a more pop-based sensibility. The hit single "Chameleon" is clearly partly homage to Sly Stone, but Hancock reimagined, updated and jazzed it. It became a hit and made *Headhunters* one of the biggest-selling jazz records of all time.

A decade later, "Rockit" laced hip-hop turntable scratches with computer-generated industrial sounds over funk beats, and rode to the top of the MTV charts with an audacious cartoon video. With his deft artist's touch, Hancock was breathing human life into the first wave of techno via his sinewy and sinuous funk. The album *Future Shock* was a smash—even with the jazzy acoustic piano in the middle of the industrial-strength "Autodrive."

The way Hancock tells it, in the early seventies he discovered that even his friends, after buying his records, didn't play them. "I realized," he said, "that I could never be a genius in the class of Miles, Charlie Parker or Coltrane, so I might just as well forget about becoming a legend and just be satisfied to create some music to make people happy."

In fact, his genius resides precisely in his willingness and ability to make people enjoy the challenges of his expansive, open-ended art. And it's made him a star—and a legend. ■

FILMS

Circus Minimus

STUART KLAWANS

GLADIATOR

According to Gibbon, the emperor Commodus spent the early years of his reign "in a seraglio of three hundred beautiful women and as many boys, of every rank and of every province." Later, adding bloodshed to his round of pleasures, he launched a career in murder, beginning with the dispatch of the usual senators, ministers and family members and continuing with the slaughter of beasts. Styling himself the Roman Hercules, he went as a performer into the amphitheater, where he cut down before the public a number of ostriches, a panther, a hundred lions, an elephant, a rhinoceros and a giraffe. He then entered the lists as a gladiator. Commodus fought 735 times and paid himself such a high fee for each appearance that a new tax had to be levied. No harm came to him in the arena, if only because he furnished his opponents with weapons of lead; so it was left to Marcia, his favorite concubine, to rid Rome of Commodus. One night, aided by a chamberlain and the Praetorian prefect, she admitted a professional wrestler to his bedchamber to strangle him as he lay in a drunken stupor.

I say there's a movie here. Unfortunately, DreamWorks and Universal disagree with me, and so the public is stuck with *Gladiator*, one of those productions that betray their disarray by crediting three screenwriters, none of whom is Gibbon. *Gladiator* is the tale not of Commodus (Joaquin Phoenix) but of a disagreeably virtuous general, Maximus (Russell Crowe), who from the height of military honor is sold into slavery, made a gladiator and then elevated to the status of demagogue, all without relaxing his expression from a glower.

For its first half-hour, *Gladiator* consists of gloomy, sidelit close-ups of Crowe and a handful of other players, who by means of a relentless shot-countershot scheme are prevented from acting with one another. Worse still: While sitting for their portraits, they are made to worry at length about the future of Rome. Will it become a republic again? Will Commodus succeed white-maned Marcus Aurelius to the throne? And who the hell lugged all those statues into "Germania," just to decorate Marcus's field tent? The Germanians, if that's what they're called, interrupt the heavy sighs of Roman conversation by dying in battle. Orange flames from the imperial lines fly across the gloomy, blue-gray twilight into Germanian territory, giving the signal for slo-mo, strobe-mo and jitter-mo to ensue, until such time as expository dialogue may resume:

"In this hand, Caesar, I hold a shiny new quarter."

"Strength and honor! Will you exchange it for a nickel and two dimes?"

"Where, in all the province of Zucchabar, does a parking meter accept—*dimes*?"

You heard me right: Zucchabar. After valiant, glowering Maximus has been stripped of his command, informed of the sure demise of his family and left for dead, he awakens into the Hollywood version of the Middle East: a place of mud-brick architecture and ululation, where stoop-shouldered, burnoose-clad merchants pass the days in sibilant larceny. Here, as it happens, *Gladiator* temporarily springs to life.

Having severed its few feeble ties to reality, the movie is free to become a backstage comedy. What is a gladiatorial contest, if not showbiz? What is the amphitheater in dusty Zucchabar, if not a stop on the bus-and-truck circuit? And who is Maximus's new owner, Proximo (stately, plump Oliver Reed, done up in a turban and several tins' worth of bronzing make-up), if not a two-bit producer trying to claw his way back to the big time? I do not interpret; I report the surface features of the movie, which include an instructive speech by Proximo about getting the audience onto your side.

Meanwhile, back in Rome, Commodus toys with a model of the Colosseum. Why should an emperor suffer the risks of real warfare, he asks, when he can mount a play war instead? The image shifts from Commodus's toy to a different kind of model: a computer-generated picture of the Colosseum, into which we descend to view the first of the emperor's games. It will be the re-enactment of a battle from the Second Punic War—in other words, a show about

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history, which stands in relation to the characters in *Gladiator* as *Gladiator* stands to us.

At this point, noting how the movie has collapsed into itself, cinephiles under the influence of too much caffeine might hallucinate a political vision. Doesn't *Gladiator* lay bare the purpose of today's media wars?

Well, no. In the first place, the movie is far too concerned with turning Maximus into a man on a white horse—again, I merely report surface details—who will restore Rome to democracy by becoming a dictator. (Of course, the minute he's seized power, he will abdicate in favor of the Senate and retire to his country home—good little Cincinnatus, covered with blood and scars.) In the second place, the film's satirical impulse twitches fitfully at best. *Gladiator* is no *Wag the Dog*. In lighter moments, it's more like Sternberg's 1928 *The Last Command*, in which an exiled Russian general winds up playing himself on a Hollywood lot.

I wish that Russell Crowe, as the Roman general remade into a showbiz soldier, had been granted the opportunities for sentiment and irony that Sternberg once offered his star, Emil Jannings. Most people assume that films of the silent era were crude and naïve compared with today's movies; and yet for all the money and technology that were dumped into *Gladiator*, and for all the logistical skill of its director, Ridley Scott, this picture is a kazoo compared with the symphony orchestra that Sternberg conducted. Crowe is a wonderful actor, as you can see from *The Insider*, or even *L.A. Confidential*. Yet no one in charge of this film thought to allow him an emotion, other than a single-minded desire for revenge and an equally dull rectitude. Crowe gamely wears whatever costume he is given; he tromps around with his arms held out from his sides, like a tough soldier whose muscles ache. And that's about all he can do under the circumstances, other than work his basso into ever more alarming registers. Some might say it's a voice produced midway between diaphragm and testicles; others, that it sounds like a cement mixer that's just stripped its gears. But neither organic nor mechanical similes will do. I must turn to geology: In *Gladiator*, having no other use for his energies, Crowe has made his voice sound like the grinding of tectonic plates.

Or maybe it's just the grinding of teeth. What else could Crowe do, when asked to stand by impassively during "love scenes" with the film's lone female figure, Connie Nielsen? It is the filmmakers' conceit that Nielsen, as the emperor's sister Lucilla, had a premarital fling with old Maximus. Now she is once more tantalizingly close

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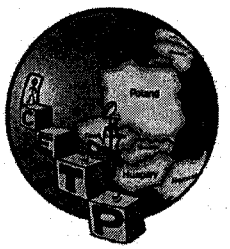

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to him and yet out of reach, in a ponderous subplot that turns her into a surrogate for the general's dead wife, with her son completing the imaginary family. It's a role that's as thankless as it is forgettable; and Nielsen fades with it so thoroughly that you'd think she'd been born in a vat, from whatever stem cells they use to grow starlets.

Of course, if you go by Gibbon, members of the imperial household did not let such a small thing as marriage impede their sex lives. Lucilla's mother had inspected most of Rome's manhood for hernias; and who knows what Lucilla herself might have done, in a less duty-bound movie? But just as *Gladiator* denies you the bloodlust it advertises—scenes of carnage, in both field and amphitheater, are programmatically chopped into blurry fragments—so too does it withhold the elements of hotcha that were always a chief pleasure of the sword-and-sandal picture. Like its hero, the film is solemnly pious; and though Christianity this time is noticeably missing from Hollywood's Rome, the sense of morality oppresses as never before.

It needn't have been this way. Even within *Gladiator*, lurid entertainments are present, though concealed. I have it on good authority that the late Oliver Reed bore on the head of his penis a tattoo in the form of a dragon's claw. I mention this adornment only to point out that the tide of life, though doubtless lower now than in the days of Commodus, has not ebbed entirely. Why couldn't Reed have given more of himself to this movie? (He died during the making of *Gladiator*, perhaps from the strain of being changed into a virtuous character.) Why couldn't Russell Crowe have been freed to act? And when will a producer haul a bag of money to Winnipeg, so that Guy Maddin can have his shot at reviving the sword-and-sandal epic? So far as I know, Maddin hasn't brought out a picture since *Twilight of the Ice Nymphs*, whose title alone should tell you how well he could adapt Gibbon.

Let's decline and fall again real soon. ■

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■ "Public Hospital Response to the Market." Tuesday, May 16, 7:30 PM. Physicians for a National Health Program–NY invites you to hear Van Dunn, Sr. VP/CMO, NYC Health and Hospitals Corp., and Judy Wassler, Director, Committee on the Public Health System. Phillips Ambulatory Care Center, 10 Union Square East, 2nd floor. Free. E-mail pnhp-nyc@cirdocs.org; call (212) 683-7475.

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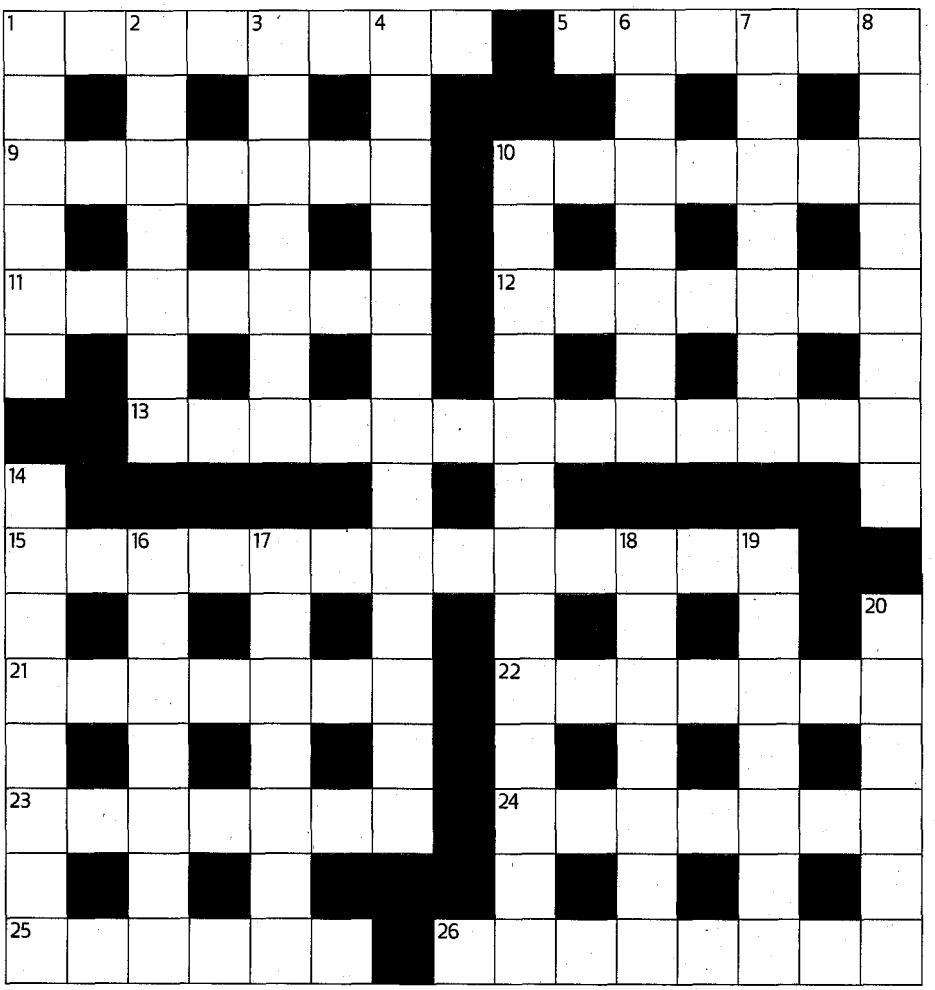

ACROSS

1 Possibly see apart from that which is divided. (8)

5 Grab a customer, and you'll see something you can count on! (6)

9 A looser sort might come in cans. (7)

10 Satie wrote the music for his "Parade." (7)

11 Something similar to a bribe, when about to cry out for a seafood dish. (7)

12 Fitting certain tables together, behaving birdlike. (7)

13 Being used to dictators, they prove there's no grasp required. (13)

15 Got the better answer for this clue? (13)

21 Have one on the rocks, if you want common understanding with a floral arrangement. (7)

22 One that cooks the meal, alternately returning with flour, one hears. (7)

23 Learns a way to show where you keep your arms. (7)

24 One takes a little measure to get spoken, and it isn't very nice! (7)

25 One on one, with a common article in prehistoric Greek. (6)

26 Those who walk on banana peels should be better on their feet. (8)

DOWN

1 Such things aren't found a lot, being like an extra tire around the head of 13. (6)

2 Ah, to be in Paris! (Even though one finds such outcasts here!) (7)

3 Determine to do this puzzle all over again? (7)

4 One way to call Clinton that might show how many connections you made. (9,4)

6 Certainly doesn't go forward in the manner that provoked dogs display. (5,2)

7 The bottom three-quarters of the acre have a bad habit of showing a crack. (7)

8 Like that nasty pest in the garden, not likely to move much. (8)

10 Shows Vera is in control, and people don't agree about such things. (13)

14 A big German in more ways than one, with a heartless Jewish religious leader making something to eat. (8)

16 Heads for the driveway and gets ready to go to bed. (5,2)

17 The Home of the Brave at one time? (7)

18 This, or a damp sort, might show where you're headed. (4,3)

19 Discourage a big electric company from getting to clean up? (7)

20 Practices what might be unpleasant at the dentist's? (6)

PUZZLED? No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules" send for those of Mr. Lewis to: Puzzled, *The Nation*, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003, or access our website at www.thenation.com/print/hints.

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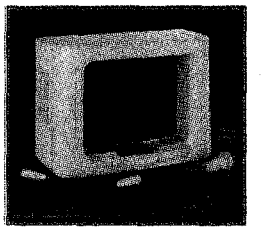

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